Ypsilanti Commercial.

VOL. XXI, NO. 47. YPSILANTI, MICH., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1885. WHOLE NO. 1087.

Do you want Anything in Clothing?

For MEN, YOUTH or BOYS!

We have Bargains for Every Customer for the Next 30 Days.

C. S. WORTLEY & BRO.

A GIFT TO EVERYBODY! A GIFT TO EVERYBODY!

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
A Fine OVERCOAT, handsome Brown, Blue or Black, Custom made, perfect in Fit, Make and Finish at $15 worth $22?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
A Good Cassimere OVERCOAT worth $15 for $10?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
A good Chinchilla OVERCOAT at $6 worth $10?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
An OVERCOAT at $4 worth $6?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
A Stylish Young Gent.'s OVERCOAT $8 worth $15?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
A Boy's OVERCOAT at $2-$3-$4-$5-$6-or-$8, About Half their Value?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
A Fine 4-Button Cutaway Diagonal SUIT worth $24 for $18?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
A Good WORKING SUIT, Sack or Frock $4-$5-$6-$8-$10 The Cloth costs More Money.

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
A BOYS' SUIT, any age, 4 to 17, Best that is made, All the New Shades and Cut, at about One-Third the Former Price?

C Wortley Bros. C

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
Scarlet, Gray, Blue Mix, Vicuna or White SHIRTS or DRAWERS at 75 cents on the dollar?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
A Fur CAP, or Any Kind of a CAP, Men's Boys or Children's at Prices never quoted on Similar Goods?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
A GENT'S SILK MUFFLER, New and Fashionable Shades, .75-$1.00-$1.50-$2.00-$2 50-$3.00, for a Holiday Present?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
GLOVES and MITTENS of Any Kind?

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
Any Men's or Boys' BICYCLE SHIRTS, Blue or Fancy Mix? If so, we can astonish you in Prices.

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
ANY White or Fancy SHIRTS, COLLARS or CUFFS? You can find All the Leading Styles.

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
GENTS.' NECKWEAR? We have it.

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
White or Colored SILK HANDKERCHIEFS? Hemstiched Brocaded or Plain, in all colors, .15-.20-.25- 40-.50-.75-$1.00 $1.25-$1.50 $1.75 $2.00. Lovely assortment at half price.

— DO YOU —
WANT TO BUY
ANY CLOTHING MADE TO MEASURE, at a DISCOUNT of TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. on last year's Prices? Come and let us show you what we will do.

Come and See Us. That we have Too Much Stock is one point settled and we propose to Unload at once, and Offer Special Bargains, as the above Prices show.

Ypsilanti, Dec. 18th, 1884. **C. S. WORTLEY & BRO.**

EVERY FARMER wants a Nice Yearling Mare to raise, and Charles Samson has got it for sale Cheap.

PIANOS to rent at Samson's.

Those TABER ORGAN boxes are just the thing for COAL BINS and GRAINERIES.

A. D., 1885.

There has been no such a year as this within the recollection of the "Oldest Inhabitant," and FRANK SMITH proposes to make it still more peculiar by serving his patrons better than they have ever been dealt with before.

In Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, Glass, Drugs, Picture Frames and Books,

I shall aim to keep such a stock that customers can get exactly what they want, and PRICES touch the Bottom every time.

The Prescription Business will be directly in care of the Proprietor, and the fact that Twenty-five Years of such work has been done Without a Mistake is a fair Guarantee of Safety.

I keep the "Perfect Fitting" Eye Glasses and Spectacles, a good stock of JEWELRY, and **1001** other articles that are always to be had at prices that favor the purchaser.

FRANK SMITH.

Special Clearing Sale!

On and after Monday, Jan. 19, I will offer my ENTIRE STOCK, with the exception of Sheetings, Prints and Spool Cotton, at

25 PER CENT.

DISCOUNT. Sale to Close Feb'y 1st. TERMS CASH.

H. P. Glover.

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MISS EMMA A. HALL.

We give a full record of her life work. It remains to say by way of preface that Miss Hall resigned her position at Adrain with impaired health and nervous prostration. Last May she went with a number of friends to California. Remaining three months she returned much improved to her home here. But with the feeling that the climate of the Pacific States was best for her she accepted a position in the Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Exposure in travelling induced a cold. The high altitude and alkaline water were too stimulating for her, developing heart disease from which she died. Her death was sudden, though in the third attack. She was surrounded by her assistant teachers and warm friends, though newly made. Every possible attention and kindness was paid to her, which is a great comfort to her afflicted relatives.

IN MEMORIAM.

Miss Emma A. Hall departed this life in Albuquerque, New Mexico on the 27th of December 1884. She was born in Raisin, Lenawee County, Michigan, in February 1837 and consequently was in the 48th year of her age. She became a child of God in her early years; indeed the time cannot be stated when she began to walk in the footsteps of her Lord. Rarely are the principles of Christianity, and the spirit of Christ more consistently exemplified than in her unpretending and self-denying life. Having graduated at our State Normal School, with an enviable record for scholarship, she became a teacher in the city of Detroit. In process of time she was selected to take the supervision of the House of Shelter. The selection probably seemed a singular one to those not well acquainted with the quiet reserve of strength that lay concealed under her modest mien. Having scarcely more than escaped from her girlhood, gentle, and retiring, it would have seemed no mistake of judgment to have passed by her and to have made choice of one having a larger experience, and more maturity of years. Her friends too were not without surprise that one of her refinement was willing to leave the more congenial employment and cultured associations of the school room, for a work so self denying in its nature. Yet there would seem to have been no mistake on either side, for while the House of Shelter was continued she maintained the character of a firm, self reliant manager of its affairs; and for herself, it was the beginning of a life work in the interests of the unfortunates of our race. With but a slight intermission of active service she entered upon the responsible duties of Matron in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, at Flint. Concerning her connection with that institution it is enough to insert the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, We have heard of the death of Miss Emma A. Hall, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the officers, teachers and pupils of the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb unite in deploring our common loss.

As officers and teachers we remember her, earnest and efficient in the discharge of her duties, friendly, warm-hearted, and true.

As pupils we remember her watching over us with anxious care, aiding us in our sports, nursing us in our sickness, a Christian mother to us all.

Resolved, That we take this means of expressing our sorrow in her death, our respect for her memory, and our sympathy for her relatives and friends.

Miss Hall left the institution at Flint to take the Superintendency of the Reform School for Girls, located at Adrian. For the work upon which she now entered, there can be no question, she possessed high qualifications. She was no novice, past experience having developed, and matured, gifts naturally superior which fitted her for the station. With characteristic energy and conscientiousness she visited similar institutions in the East, and by careful inspection made herself acquainted with their economy. She then addressed herself to the difficult task of organization; a work about which any one can theorize,—which any one can criticise, but which few can successfully accomplish. She had counselors, and coadjutors; but was herself the animating spirit, as was hers the molding hand, of the undertaking. The out come need not be rehearsed in the ears of the citizens of Michigan. One, among the many reformatory institutions of our state, stands as a monument of her laborious faithfulness. Her after administration is worthy only of the highest commendation, With her warm, sympathetic nature she could not but bind her pupils to her; with her earnest Christian spirit, it was impossible for her to stop short of leading them to the cross of Jesus Christ. Having learned from her, possibly, all they knew of maternal love; and having learned chiefly from her lips and life the way of salvation, it was but natural that those, who became children of God, should follow her in her own church predilections. Other than this unavoidable, and wholly negative influence, it cannot be justly affirmed that there was a shred of sectarianism in her management of the institution. She loved the unfortunate waifs who came under her administration. and she so loved them that she could not but impress upon them the importance of spiritual things. What name they called themselves by, so that their names were written in the the Lamb's Book of Life, was a matter of secondary importance to her. It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that she was only a religious teacher. Although gentle and soft mannered she was firm and decided. She was neglectful of no department of her work, nor was there any part of the institution that escaped her constant and supervisory scrutiny. Ability, faithfulness, and thoroughness, are the words that properly characterize her administration of affairs while superintendent of the institution. There can be no question that she was in her element and that she had devoted her life, "*Con amore*," to the work of the Girl's Reform School. And it is equally an unquestionable fact that, with a breaking heart, she laid down her work there because of untoward influences that never should have had an existence. The strain preceding, and the grief attending, her separation from her charge, were more than her truthful and sensitive nature could bear; and, as her friends will ever believe, hastened the termination of her life. Although Miss Hall occupied so many prominent and public positions, there was no self-seeking or self-aggressiveness in her nature. There was nothing manish about her. She was thoroughly womanly; gentle, and sweet tempered, and modest. She possessed the strength that good native powers, sanctified by divine grace, gave her. She was a lovely Christian lady.

Soon after her separation from the Reform School, she accepted, from the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, an appointment as Matron of the Indian School in Albuquerque New Mexico. She was already a full grown missionary, and the only question suggesting itself to her friends, touching the propriety of her acceptance of the position, was whether its importance bore correspondence with her qualifications or not. But she could not be idle, and she made haste to the scene of her new labors, little thinking that thence she was, so soon, to enter into rest. Two short months won for her the esteem of her associates in the school, the affection of the dusky children of the wilderness, and terminated her work.

Far from those who most tenderly loved her, kindly cared for by those who, although friends, were yet strangers, with scarce a moment's warning, the messenger came, and she entered the spirit world.

The precious dust made the long and lonely journey over which it had so lately borne the now released and happy spirit, and sleeps with its kindred in the Cemetery of Ypsilanti. W. A. McC.

Ypsilanti, Jan. 14th, 1885.

From the Adrian Weekly Times and Expositor.

Services commemorating the untimely death of Miss Emma A. Hall—Rev. Mr. Little's remarks at the Presbyterian church —Exercises at the Industrial Home.

AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

At the request of numerous hearers we place before our readers the tribute to Emma A. Hall, late superintendent of the industrial home, by her pastor, Kev. J. B. Little, in his New Year's sermon, Sunday morning:

"Our departed sister, my own sainted friend, may here serve as glorified illustration. There are some souls that honor you more when you speak of them than your speech honors them. Emma A. Hall was such a spirit. There are some lives so benign that, to human sight, nobody appears left to take their place. Hers was such a life. It was not alone her rare *natural* gifts and qualifications. It was not only her *experience*, earned by years of reverent, patient learning. For more than half the achievment of days, both in character and work, were due to *this consecrated trust* in the high 'counsel' a redeeming God had for her, and for those whom He had made her charge. The words Bunyan put into the mouth of 'Standfast' as he passed into the waters to go over to the celestial city, were hers also: 'Wherever I have seen the print of my Lord's shoe in the earth, there have I coveted to set my foot, too.' Only the day before yesterday there came to me a motto she had learned for herself: '*Make me white at any cost.*' And so she supplicated always for her work—make it white at any cost. That was the mainspring of the brief, busy years of her life, which kept her course controlled—quite like a chronometer —to the end. That advanced her from one place of trust to another in the state till she held the responsible position in our neighborhood.

"It was this divine principle that gave her rare spirit such splendid self-control. When a storm of mutiny and blasphemy surged over a cottage, or a countenance, this unruffled self-control, which suffered not her cheek to flush more than blanch, with its unimpassioned gentleness subdued revolt and passion into a 'great calm', not unlike that He wrought who inspired it in her. Perhaps to few souls has it been given so seldom to 'speak unadvisedly with her lips.' I greatly doubt if of all those who tried her, or opposed her, or hurt her heart, there is one who can remember a single unkindness from her.

"*The mission of her life*, which culminated in her superintendence of the industrial home for girls in this city, was no carnal ambition of mere *employment* or *place*. Its success was the consuming passion of her life. To reform the wayward natures under her charge (and to whiten her own the while) on the ample pattern which included a likeness to the Son of God, was the one consecration of her life. The very faults and mistakes of this noble woman lay in the direction of this consecration. To those less inspired with her one aim, her holy adherence to it would not unlikely sometimes smack of rigidity. Perhaps others differently constituted were not to blame for misunderstanding her—her mission and its methods—. But when the rupture came which dismissed her from the place she was proud of, because it was the throne of her lifework, it was like her heart would break, seeing it had but one high, single aim, frustrated. But consecrated trust had a place still deeper in her heart than even this holy ambition. Some of you who were privileged to be present, as I was not, will recall the chaste, calm service, based upon the Sabbath school lesson of the day, the calming of the uproar at Ephesus, with which she bade farewell to her charge. I am told that when their outburst of grief seemed beyond control, she still held them to the quiet in her own soul, by the words. 'Now is your time to exercise this self-restraint,' So, 'with malice towards none,' and with the same good will for her successor that I believe she cherished toward her, she went, cheerfully, to a subordinate, and relatively obscure position, in a remote branch of the same general line of work. Into it she was throwing the same devoted enthusiasm. And when this victory was won, and she and her new work had 'gone on a little way together,' lo! on a sudden, the chariot of her Lord 'swung low' between, and 'parted them both asunder,' and 'she was seen no more,' for God had taken her.' She died of heart disease, after several hours of fearful pain, but in final quiet and great peace, at Albuquerque, New Mexico, at three o'clock on the morning of Dec. 27th.

"How the words she often repeated fitted her lips, as they suit our case as well, with the untried years stretching before us:

"'For behind the dim unknown
Standeth *God*, amid the shadows,
Keeping watch above His own.'"

The choir then interrupted the sermon with a verse of "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and the discourse to the end abounded in tender allusions to her memory.

AT THE INDUSTRIAL HOME.

Sunday afternoon interesting and appropriate services in memory of Miss Hall were held at the industrial home for girls. The services were under charge of Rev. Mr. Little, who made some appropriate introductory remarks. He was followed with brief addresses by Capt. C. R. Miller and Hon. A. L. Millard. The scholars furnished well selected music, and the exercises were marked with exhibitions of the deepest sorrow for the loss of the teacher who had endeared herself to all. Many people from the city were in attendance.

TESTIMONY OF BISHOP GILLESPIE.

Miss Hall has been so identified with the reformatiory and educational institutions of Michigan that her decease should have more than a passing notice. The writer's first acquaintance with her was when she was in charge of the house of shelter connected with the Detroit house of correction. In 1872, in their report, the inspectors bear this testimony to her work:

They desire to make no invidious distinction in the mention of the valuable and faithful services of the other officers of the institution, but they cannot refrain from recording the noble devotion and untiring zeal of the matron of the house of shelter, Miss Emma A. Hall. She may truly be said to have consecrated her life to the noble work she has undertaken. The undeniable evidences of real improvement of those entrusted to her guidance and instruction, not only greatly encouraged her in the discharge of her various and arduous duties, but are abundant proof of the wisdom that created this department of the house of correction.

The house was closed in 1874. Miss Hall's next position was in the state school at Coldwater. In 1876 we find her matron at the deaf and dumb at Flint. On the appointment of a board to locate and erect the buildings for the state reform school for girls Miss Hall was elected a member. As the time arrived to open this school her associates on the board having had the opportunity to ascertain her capabilities, urged upon Miss Hall to accept the supervision. The superintendent of the institution she was leaving thus notes the severance of her connection:

Miss Emma A. Hall, who assumed the duties of matron in 1875, resigned the position in June; 1881, to accept the superintendency of the reform school for girls at Adrian. During the many years she was connected with this institution her knowledge of her position, executive ability and habits of industry made her administration most successful. The same qualities have enabled her to organize and put in operation one of the best institutions of the state.

The position was full of difficulty, a new institution was to be organized with a board who had yet to acquire their experience. As with every new enterprise, the public were divided between distrust and unreasonable expectation. To some the school would be a failure, by others unreasonable results were counted on. Those familiar with the superintendent knew the painful anxiety which her position brought. Deeply interested in the class under her charge and hopeful in her disposition, she keenly felt any disappointment in her wards, which less zeal and a cooler temperment might have foreseen. More than once the writer has said to her: "You must restrain this personal sympathy or you will break down." The circumstances of our friend closing her connection with the school are too recent not to be well known. Want of sympathy between herself and the board led to her resignation. We have never heard other than the fullest and sincerest testimony to Miss Hall's conscientious dovotion to her duties. Her record as the first superintendent of the Adrian reform school is an honor to her memory. "She was matron of the Indian school at the time of her death and had been only two month in her new work when she was unexpectedly called to her reward. She went to New Mexico under appointment from the woman's executive committee of home missions of the Presbyterian church, having offered herself to them and been enthusiastically accepted at the meeting of synod at Monroe last October."

In all her life she walked in the steps of His most holy life who went about doing good, and she has entered into the reward of pure, earnest service to the feeble and the frail.

In all history of our state corrections and charities her name must have an honored place.

The pews at the Baptist church are to be sold next Tuesday.

The quartette choir in the Congregational church is to be increased to an octette. Several changes have been made in conducting the evening service. The sermons are not over 20 minutes in length. Gospel Hymns are used. Once a month a Sunday School responsive service is held.

Parsons Bros. have engaged in a new enterprise, one of material convenience and benefit to farmers. They have attached to their diversified industries, extensive machinery, a mill for grinding all kinds of feed. Corn in the ear a specialty. Corn shelled free. Their general reputation for integrity and thoroughness in every thing they undertake will no doubt give them a big patronage.

The Hon. E. Willits has consented to deliver a lecture on the subject of "Six Years in Washington," for the benefit of the Ladies' Library Association. The lecture will be given at the opera house, Wednesday evening Jan. 21st. Tickets 25cts. to all parts of the house will be on sale at Dodges, where reserved seats may be secured.

Local News on Last Page.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

DOINGS OF OUR NATIONAL SOLONS AT THE CAPITAL.

Legislative Work and Play—Bills Proposed, Put Through, or Set Back—Intellectual Cut and Thrust—Notes and Items.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 9.—A bill introduced in the senate Thursday by Allison, referring to the fees of pension claim agents and attorneys, furnished material for a day's debate on the policy of attaching general legislation to appropriation bills.

The house of representatives passed the Reagan inter-state commerce bill, with five provisions not in the original draft, by a vote of 161 to 75. A fourth naval appropriation bill was reported by Randall, calling for $6,130,155. In the Alabama contested election case the seat was voted to Craig, Republican, who was sworn in.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 10.—The senate passed a bill directing that one of the Greely relief vessels be used as a revenue cutter off the coast of Alaska. Cockrell introduced a bill to make the bounty law apply to the heirs of all colored soldiers lost in the federal service. Garland made a speech on inter-state commerce, and moved to recommit the senate measure, which motion was rejected by 18 to 24.

The house put in most of the day and held a session at night on the private calendar. Twenty-five pension bills were passed.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 12.—There was no session of the senate Saturday. In the house as soon as the journal was read a struggle took place on the question as to what business should be considered, Randall desiring to proceed with the naval appropriation bill, and Stockslager calling for the special order on public buildings. Both propositions were defeated and the speaker called committees for reports. One report presented increased the appropriation for public building at Marquette, Mich., to $180,000. The house then went into committee of the whole on the naval appropriation bill. It provides for the navy for the six months ending June 30, 1885, and the sum total is $6,120,155. Without general debate or amendment the bill was read by sections and passed. The consular and diplomatic appropriation bill was then taken up in committee and debated at length until adjournment.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 13.—The senate was on Monday the scene of a prolonged debate as to whether Jefferson Davis had organized at Washington, before the war, a conspiracy against the union. The house bill to prevent the unlawful accupancy of public lands was reported favorably, with an amendment to authorize the president to use civil or military force to destroy illegal fences. Hoar presented a petition from Mrs. Belva Lockwood, asking that the votes cast for her in several states be counted for her.

The house of representatives passed a bill appropriating $50,000 to erect a building in Chicago for the use of the appraiser of merchandise. Bills were introduced for the establishment of a soldiers' home in California; for a $75,000 public building at Madison, Ind.; to transfer one of the Greely relief vessels to the revenue service, and to appropriate $8,000,000 toward the enlargement of the Erie and Oswego canals to a capacity to pass war vessels. A bill was passed to prepare a criminal code for the District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 14.—The senate Tuesday, after speeches by Vance, Hawley, and Brown, passed a resolution calling upon the secretary of war for certain documents required to settle the controversy between Gen. Sherman and Jefferson Davis. Edmunds introduced a bill to authorize the president to place the name of Gen. Grant on the retired list. A house bill was passed to repeal the laws governing preemption, desert lands, and timber culture, and to amend the homestead law.

In the house of representatives, Stockslager denied some floating rumors that there is a combination to secure the erection of public buildings. Bills were passed to authorize the service of processes by territorial courts within military and Indian reservations, to prohibit territorial legislatures from granting private charters and to extend the statutes over unorganized territory south of the state of Kansas. The announcement of the death of Schuyler Colfax was followed by an adjournment.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 15.—The senate Wednesday, by a vote of 49 to 9, passed a bill to permit the appointment of Gen. Grant to the retired list of the army. An appropriation was made for the expense of messengers to Iowa and Oregon to secure missing election returns. After a long speech by Van Wyck on the inter-state commerce bill, an adjournment was ordered in respect to the memory of Schuyler Colfax.

The house passed a bill appropriating $1,500 to send special messengers to Iowa and Oregon to secure duplicate certificates of the electoral vote of those states, which are required by law. The Chinese indemnity fund bill, which also passed, authorizes the president to return to the Chinese government $583,400 in coin. The French spoliation claims bill was called up and after explanation by Cox, of North Carolina, was passed. It sends all applicants to the court of claims, and bars those not presented in two years.

The Great Shooter Seems to Have a Bad Contract on Hand.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 15.—Dr. Carver is in a terrible condition. His eye is swollen and inflamed in consequence of poisonous matter from the cartridges having got into it. His wrist is also terribly swollen and so lame he can scarcely use it. He began firing Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, having quit at 1 a. m. He intended to shoot until 2 a. m., but owing to a mistake made by the reporter for the scorer of 1,000 misses more than he had made, and which was placed on the bulletin board, he ceased in order to have the mistake rectified. He was in good spirits when he began, but the torture soon began to tell on him. His trigger finger is raw and the stoicism with which he endured the pain attracted much sympathy. At 12:10 he ceased with a record of 26,125 shots, 23,150 hits and 2,975 misses. Then he was compelled to rest for an hour and perhaps longer. His wife and friends were with him in the ante-room while he was being cared for. Rowell in his six-days walk had no severer strain on his endurance than has the plucky doctor, who means to win the fight, but nine out of ten predict defeat.

Another Dynamite Explosion.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—The town hall at Warminster, a small place in Wiltshire, was partially wrecked Wednesday evening by an explosion of dynamite. Houses in the vicinity were also badly shattered. No person was injured. The report of the explosion was heard at a distance of two miles away. A search of the ruins revealed several pieces of tin and fuse, such as are used in dynamite bombs. Two strangers who had been loitering around the town during the day disappeared just before the explosion, and no arrests have been made in connection with the affair.

VANDERBILT'S OFFER.

The Railway King Sends the Old Soldier's Wife the Gift of That $150,000 Debt.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Correspondence between Gen. and Mrs. Grant and William H. Vanderbilt is published here, in which Mr. Vanderbilt makes a very generous offer to Mrs. Grant and tells the true story of the loan of $150,000 made to Gen. Grant on the eve of the failure of Grant, Ward & Co.

On Saturday, Jan. 10, Mr. Vanderbilt wrote to Mrs. Grant a letter, in which, after referring to the misrepresentations which have gone the rounds of the press with regard to the loan made by him to Gen. Grant, he gives the history of that loan as follows:

On Sunday, the 4th of May last, Gen. Grant called at my house and asked me to lend him $150,000 for one day. I gave him my check without question, not because the transaction was business-like, but simply because the request came from Gen. Grant. The misfortunes which overwhelmed him in the next twenty-four hours aroused the sympathy and regret of the whole country. You and he sent me, within a few days of the time, deeds of your joint properties to cover this obligation, and urged my acceptance, on the ground that this was the only debt of honor which the general had personally incurred, and these deeds I returned. During my absence in Europe the general delivered to my attorney mortgages upon all his own real estate, household effect, and swords, medals, and works of art which were memorials of his victories and presents from governments all over the world. These securities were, in his judgment, worth the $150,000. At his solicitation, the necessary steps were taken by judgment, etc., to reduce these properties to possession, and the articles mentioned have been this day bought in by me, and the amounts bid applied in the reduction of the debt.

Mr. Vanderbilt then says he sends with the letter full title to the estate of Gen. and Mrs. Grant referred to above, to be held by Mrs. Grant as her separate estate, and be disposed of at her death as she sees fit, on condition that Mrs. Grant hold the war mementoes as a trust, to be by her orders, before or after her death as she prefers, deposited with the government at Washington, there to remain a perpetual memorial of Gen. Grant's fame and the history of his time.

Mr. Vanderbilt on Jan. 11 again wrote to Gen. Grant expressing his appreciation of the sentiment that dictated to Gen. and Mrs. Grant their declination of his offer, but stating that he must insist upon not being defeated in the purpose he had in view, stating that as fast as the estate should be sold he would deposit the proceeds in the Union Trust company, to be used as a trust fund for Mrs. Grant during her life and at her death disposed of as she might desire.

To this Gen. Grant made answer that his wife and himself felt unable longer to resist Mr. Vanderbilt's generous determination, but it seems that afterward they thought it over again and the result was the following last letter of the series, from Mrs. Grant herself.

NEW YORK, Sunday, Jan. 11.—MY DEAR Mr. VANDERBILT: Upon reading your letter this afternoon Gen. Grant and myself felt it would be ungracious to refuse your princely and generous offer. Hence his note to you. But upon reflection I find I can not. I will not accept your munificence in any form. I beg you will pardon this apparent vacillation, and consider this answer definite and final.

With great regard and sense of obligation that will always remain, I am, yours very gratefully. JULIA D. GRANT.

The Speculator James R. Keene Makes a Show of Himself.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—James R. Keene, the grain operator is a commuter on the Long Island railway. Last Monday morning he left his commutation book at home. An imperative rule of the company requires conductors to collect full fares from any commuter who fails to produce his book. Conductor Mahoney, of the Rockaway line, demanded 60 cents. Keene refused to pay, and the conductor, rather than have any trouble with him withdrew the rebate check and concluded to pay Keene's fare as far as Jamaica, where his duties ended. At Jamaica Conductor Randall took the train. Keene again refused to pay his fare, and was told that he would be put off. He guessed not. Conductor Randall signalled the engineer to stop. Keene clutched the conductor by the throat. The conductor's fist was descending in the direction of the broker's face, when a passenger caught his arm. Another passenger pulled Keene away. A third passenger paid Keene's fare, and the conductor signalled the engineer to proceed. The company expected that Keene would repeat the scene in the evening, and had an officer ready to arrest him, but he purchased his ticket and went home peaceably.

The Muddle in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 15.—Wednesday has been filibustering day in the house. Linegar made an effort to have the proceedings of Tuesday, in which he took part as presiding officer, placed upon the record. Haines decided adversely, when Linegar appealed from the decision of the chair. Several speeches were made, Keye pointing out the position of Linegar in appearing with a motion at 10 o'clock in a body which he [Linegar] had declared adjourned till noon. The house sustained the decision of the chair by a nearly unanimous viva voce vote.

Then there were more motions to adjourn which failed for want of a quorum, until everybody becoming tired an informal adjournment was taken until Thursday at 10 a. m.

The Democrats caucussed at night, and it was decided not to force a vote on the speakership question until Friday, when they hope to be able to settle the matter.

Standing Up for Jeff Davis' Honor.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 15.—The Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States has elected Hon. Jefferson Davis an honorary member of the society and appointed a committee to send him a certificate of membership and to express their esteem and love for him. Judge Dallam, chairman, sent the certificate accompanied by a letter, in which they say:

The undersigned, your old soldiers and friends, were appointed a committee to inform you of this action of the society, and to convey to you the sentiment of the society that its members entertain for you the profoundest respect for your devotion to the cause of the south, and for your honorable career and character. Permit us to add that we are happy in the belief that, when your calumniators and slanderers shall have long been forgotten your fame will grow with the ages and your character will hereafter shine as an example of all that is pure, patriotic, and intelligent.

Business Failures for the Week.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—There were 448 failures in the United States reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against 366 in the preceding week, and 345, 342 and 203 in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively.

Nineteen Indicted and More to Come.

NORFOLK, Va., Jan. 15.—The grand jury of Warwick county has found indictments against nineteen officeholders of that county for fraud. As the grand jury is still in session, it is thought that other indictments will follow.

THE SHAFTS OF DEATH.

THEY STRIKE SUDDENLY AND AT MEN OF NOTE.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax Stricken in a Minnesota Railway Station — Capt. Esaiah Rynders Meets the Reaper Suddenly.

MANKATO, Minn., Jan. 14.—Tuesday morning when the 10 a. m. train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road arrived an elderly gentleman of fine-looking physique stepped from the coach and with sachel in hand walked to the Omaha depot, as is supposed, for the purpose of taking the 11 o'clock train on that road west. He walked up to a gentleman outside of the depot and inquired for the gentlemen's waiting-room and was directed thereto. After stepping inside he walked up to a map on the wall and after perusing it for a while walked across the room to a window and looked out for a short time. He sat down with his overcoat on his lap. There were at the time three persons in the depot. These parties observed the stranger growing pale, and they hastened to him with water, supposing him to be in a faint. He settled back in the seat, and gave one gasp for breath, which was the last evidence of life he manifested.

The fact was telephoned to the business part of the city that a stranger had dropped dead at the depot, and in a few minutes it was reported that the deceased was supposed to be the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, ex-vice president of the United States, as letters and papers were found on his person bearing his address at South Bend, Ind. Parties who have seen Mr. Colfax in life were hastily ummoned to substantiate the fact, which was only too true.

The members of the Odd Fellows lodge took charge of their illustrious brother, and through the kind thoughtfulness of Dr. G. G. Harrington and lady the remains were taken to that gentleman's residence and cared for by the undertaker and laid in a fitting casket. Telegrams announcing the sad event were sent to South Bend and directions received from there to send the body on at once. The railway authorities of the Northwestern road placed a car, properly draped, at the disposal of the committee having charge of arrangements and at about 2 p. m., the procession formed at the residence of Dr. Harrington and escorted the lodge with the remains to the depot, where fitting services of a religious character took place. The Rev. J. C. Potter was the officiating clergyman assisted by other ministers of the city.

As soon as the identity of the deceased was established Mr. L. P. Hunt, postmaster at this city, sent a dispatch to President Arthur notifying him of the sad event. The president acknowledged the message as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON Jan. 13.—THE HON. L. P. HUNT, POSTMASTER, AND OTHERS, MANKATO: The president has received with deep sorrow your dispatch announcing the sudden death Tuesday at Mankato of ex-Vice President Colfax.

FRED. J. PHILIPS,
Private Secretary.

CHICAGO, Jan. 15.—The special train bearing the remains of the late Schuyler Colfax arrived in this city at 7 o'clock Wednesday night. Notwithstanding the prevalence of a blinding snowstorm, and the fact that but a few hours' notice had been given, the depot was thronged with representatives of the various Odd Fellow's lodges of the city, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Veterans Corps and private citizens. Among the latter were ex-Postmaster General Gresham, Judge Blodgett, and a number of prominent Chicagoans, together with a delegation of twenty from South Bend. A number of ladies were also in the throng. All present formed in double line and heads were bared as the black casket, its top covered with faded flowers, was borne down the platform and through the depot to a hearse in waiting. An escort of 500 accompanied the remains to the Lake Shore station, where they were placed on a special train which left for South Bend at 8 o'clock.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Jan. 15.—The remains of the late Schuyler Colfax arrived by special train at a late hour Wednesday night, and were received at the station by a sorrowful concourse of relatives and friends. The funeral will probably be postponed until Monday, in order to permit the attendance of a daughter, Mrs. Hollister, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines Dead.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 10.—Myra Clark Gaines, the heroine of the Gaines case, died here at 11:10 Friday night, at the residence of her son-in-law. Mrs. Gaines was the daughter of Daniel Clark, the first representative in congress of Louisiana, and the richest man in the state at the time of his death. Mrs. Gaines was not informed of her parentage until she was a grown woman. As soon as she knew this, she began her case for the recovery of her father's property. This case is probably the most extended and complicated litigation on record.

Earl of Aylesford.

BIG SPRINGS, Tex., Jan. 14.—The earl of Aylesford died in this town, Tuesday night, about 10 o'clock, in his room at the Cosmopolitan, from acute inflammation of the bowels. His death was entirely unexpected by his friends. The earl had been complaining for several weeks. His remains will be embalmed and forwarded to England. Aylesford was one of the heaviest land-owners in Texas, his ranch covering about 40,000 acres of grazing land. His life had been one full of exciting events.

An Old-Time Democrat Passes Away.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—Capt. Isaiah Rynders for many years prior to 1861 United States marshal for this district, dropped dead Tuesday afternoon, aged 72.

Death of Professor Silliman.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 15.—Professor Benjamin Silliman, professor of chemistry in Yale college, died Wednesday night, aged 69 years.

The Shaking Spanish Provinces.

MADRID, Jan. 14.—Earthquake tremblings were felt Tuesday at Torrox, Canillas, Almunecar and Algarobo. The storm in the southern provinces still continue, and the rivers are greatly swollen. The suffering of the people who have been rendered houseless by the earthquakes is intense. According to the official record, the number of persons killed by the earthquakes in Granada was 695, and the number of injured 1,480.

Close of the Latest Crouch Trial.

JACKSON, Mich., Jan. 12.—The case of Dan Holcomb, charged with the Crouch murder, was given to the jury at 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The court was severe upon many of the prosecution's witnesses, strongly suggested to the jury to acquit, and which they did after two and a half hours of consultation. Holcomb showed no change of countenance when pronounced not guilty, but his relatives were perceptibly moved.

LOOKING FOR THE FIGHTING EDITOR.

A Couple of New Orleans Politicians Discover Him to Their Sorrow.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 13.—A very desperate shooting affray occurred Monday morning in the office of The Mascot, an illustrated weekly paper published here, in which all of the parties engaged were seriously, and one fatally wounded. On Saturday The Mascot assaulted Judge William T. Houston, district judge of this parish, and Democratic candidate for congress in the Second district at the late election, making various scandalous charges against him. Judge Houston's position on the bench precluded him from taking any notice of the assault, but Monday morning his brother, James T. Houston, state tax collector, in company with Supervisor of Registration Robert Brewster, called on the editor of The Mascot for satisfaction.

The two were within eight feet of each other when they commenced firing. Houston's first shot missed, and Osmund's second ball struck Houston in the palm of his right hand, severing a finger and running up the arm and paralyzing it. He dropped his pistol to the ground, leaving himself unprotected and open to the fire of his antagonist. As he leaned over to pick it up with his left hand his friend Brewster, who was standing a few feet away overawing Zeuneck, advanced with a drawn revolver to protect him, and shot at Osmund. The latter then faced toward Brewster, and the two men at a distance of ten feet emptied their revolvers.

A large crowd had collected in front of the building when Brewster and Houston emerged from it. They were both losing a great deal of blood, and Brewster left a broad track behind him as he walked up the street. He found refuge in the Metropolitan bank at the corner, where a carriage was procured and he was conveyed to the Charity hospital. Houston went across the street to a carpet store, when he also was conveyed to the hospital. Osmund came down the steps immediately after his assailants, in his shirt-sleeves and quite bloody, and was taken to the drug store at the corner for treatment, and afterward to the hospital, where he was put under arrest, as Brewster was expected to die. All three of the men are seriously wounded.

LATER.—Robert Brewster, who was shot in the affray at The Mascot newspaper office, died at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning. Brewster was a native of Ireland, and was 44 years of age.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 15.—The funeral of ex-Sheriff Brewster occurred Wednesday afternoon and was perhaps the largest ever seen in this city. A large number of city and parish officials attended and the parish courts adjourned in respect for the deceased. The Mascot issued an extra at night giving their account of the fight, which is substantially as already noted by the United Press. It denounces Houston as a murderer, and the general belief is another tragedy will result.

Capt. Thomas Phelan, a Prominent Invincible, Slashed with a Bowie.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—About 4 o'clock Friday afternoon several men rushed out of 12 Chambers street, in which building is located the office of O'Donovan Rossa and The United Irishman. In a few seconds afterward a man covered with blood, tottered down the stairs to the hallway, and sank on the front stoop, while his blood covered the sidewalk in a stream.

The man who was stabbed proved to be Capt. Thomas P. Phelan, of Kansas City, aged 49, and his assailant, whom he says stabbed him, gave his name as Richard Short, of 861 Tenth avenue. An ambulance was summoned and Phelan was taken to the Chambers street hospital in a dying condition. He is stabbed in the neck and breast and several other places. There were rumors that he gave away some of the secrets of the Fenian organization.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—O'Donavan Rossa's office was closed all Monday morning, but a reporter met Rossa in a street car and asked if he thought a trap was set for Phelan by Short and other dynamiters, to which Rossa answered: "No, sir. Phelan deserved all he got and should have been killed outright.

Murder of the Lawyer Who Prosecuted the Niederwald Conspirators.

BERLIN, Jan. 14.—The residents of the capital were greatly shocked and excited Wednesday morning by the news of the murder of Counsellor Rumpff, who took an active part in the prosecution of the eight Anarchists recently tried at Leipsic on the charge of attempting to assassinate the Emperor William and others of the royal family, while on their way to attend the ceremonies consequent upon the unveiling of the Niederwald statue. Rumpff's dead body was found late Tuesday night in front of his own doorstep. The police have no clew to the assassins, but naturally believe the crime to be the work of the friends of some of the convicted Anarchists.

A reward of $750 is offered for the discovery of the murderer of Police Commissioner Rumpff. The dagger with which the deed was committed twice penetrated his heart.

The St. John Controversy.

TOPEKA, Kas., Jan. 13.—In an interview, Hon. J. F. Legate declares the letter published as having been written by him to R C. Kerens, of St. Louis, is a "cold blooded forgery," a "willful and malicious lie from beginning to end," that he had never made such propositions, written or oral, and that the whole story of St. John's attempt to sell out was a willful lie gotten up to injure St. John.

A dispatch from Des Moines, Iowa, says Mr. Clarkson has evidence in his possession that the letter is genuine and that the evidence will be published soon.

Big Haul of Counterfeit Money.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 12.—The secret service officers found on Friday $30,000 and Sunday $35,000 in counterfeit money, together with tools and paper used in printing them. The notes are $10 bills on the Third National bank of this city, and $20 silver certificates. All these things were dug up in three places between here and Louisville, and are part of the work of Miles Ogle, who has been under arrest since Christmas.

Protection for German Farmers.

BERLIN, Jan. 9.—In the reichstag Thursday, Prince Bismarck, in advocating higher duties upon foreign cereals, declared that the most effectual remedy for the evil of German emigration would be such a system of protective duties as would make Germany a nation of farmers. As the first step in this direction, it was most imperative to increase the duty on cereals.

The South Bend, Ind., Riots.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Jan. 15.—No further demonstrations of the strikers have occurred. Arms from the gun-shops have been placed in the jail and are under guard. The wounded are all out of danger. Fourteen of the rioters were bound over by the court Wednesday afternoon.

Wants a Big Duty on Grain.

BERLIN, Jan. 15.—Bismarck announced in the reichstag Wednesday that the government would demand an increase in the duty on wheat to treble its present rate, and on rye to double the amount now paid.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Friday, January 9.

The amount contributed to the Garfield monument fund is $132,399.

Yearly interest on the public debt has fallen from $143,000,000 in 1868 to $58,000,000.

The Denver chamber of commerce invites all friendly to the unlimited coinage of silver to meet in national convention in that city on January 28.

In just one point the record of business failures for 1884 is favorable. The percentage of the assets of bankrupts to their liabilities is the largest for at least six years.

Canadians representing a $4,000,000 syndicate have gone to Winnipeg to arrange for the transportation to Montreal of 2,000,000 bushels of wheat which they recently purchased.

Saturday, January 10.

The Diaz administration has swept the unpopular stamp law off the statute books of Mexico. Retail dealers can now pay taxes a year in advance on the estimated amount of their sales.

Lack of confidence in the commercial houses at Buenos Ayres brought about a demand for drafts on Europe which could not be filled by the banks, and a run ensued which has paralyzed general business.

The Cincinnati board of public works has ordered the preparation of a bill to authorize the issue of $2,000,000 in bonds with which to repave the streets with granite or asphalt, the city to bear half the expense.

A syndicate formed by the Lake Superior copper mining companies to prevent unprofitable competition, was declared subversive of public policy Thursday by the New York supreme court, and an injunction restraining the Quincy company, a member of the organization, from making sales in violation of the agreement, was dissolved.

Monday, January 12.

Frederick Douglass is said to be worth $150,000.

Two Boston papers are booming Kate Field for governor of Utah.

A boa constrictor eighteen feet long is said to have been found at Fisher Station, Ind., frozen into a solid knot.

It has been learned by the police of London that dynamiters will soon make a simultaneous attempt to blow up the Holborn viaduct and Mansion-house railway stations.

An official bulletin states that up to the 8th instant, in the provinces of Granada and Malaga, 1,400 persons were killed by the earthquakes, 900 were wounded, and 43,000 rendered homeless.

The second prize for butter at the Calcutta exhibition was awarded for a fine sample of American oleomargarine. Some one spoiled a good joke, and the judges reconsidered their award.

Gen. Wolseley telegraphs the prince of Wales he will march on Khartoum Jan. 24. He request that 3,000 picked troops be dispatched immediately to Suakim to operate against Osman Digna and open the Berber route.

Tuesday, January 12.

The British government has ordered the construction of six new cruisers.

Gen. B. F. Butler has brought suit against The Boston Herald for attacking his war record.

A corporation known as the Congo company has been formed in London with a capital of $2,500,000.

The Packer collieries, Shenandoah, Pa., and the Centennial colliery, at Centralia, employing 1,300 men, have shut down.

Duncan C. Ross, the athlete, has given up the saloon business at Cleveland, and will enter a theological seminary at Toronto.

M. H. De Young, who was shot by Adolph Spreckels in The San Francisco Chronicle office, now attends regularly to business.

The sale of The Wall Street News has been prohibited on the New York elevated railroad because of the dissemination of false news affecting the stock market.

The Masonic fraternity not having been invited to take a formal part in the dedication ceremonies of the Washington monument, except to appear in the street parade, is showing some feeling in the matter and has notified Senator Sherman that it will not participate in the parade.

Wednesday, January 14.

During 1884 there landed at New York 320,800 steerage and 59,500 cabin passengers.

Gen. Grant's physician asserts that there is nothing in the general's condition to justify the assertion that he is seriously ill.

The incessant labors of Major Burke, director of the New Orleans exposition, for the past six months have turned his hair white.

There are 4,000 public libraries in the United States, containing 15,000,000 volumes, toward the support of which $3,000,000 is annually paid.

A Rochester, N. Y., patent-medicine firm has made a contract with a glass company in Philadelphia for 7,200,000 bottles. This is the largest contract of the kind ever known.

Clearing house exchanges last week—$774,486,205—are $6,447,738 less than for the previous week, and, as compared with the corresponding week in 1884, show a reduction of $270,141,551.

The production of anthracite coal in 1884 amounted to 30,500,000 tons, or 1,250,000 less than in 1883, showing that the hard-coal people fared well compared with their bituminous mining brethren.

The Massachusetts house Monday refused to adopt at once a resolution instructing congressmen to vote for placing Gen. Grant on the retired list, with full rank and pay, and it was referred to a committee.

Thursday, January 15.

Exports from the port of New York, exclusive of specie, for the week ended Thursday, were $8,034,000.

Vast tracts of land in Italy are inundated by the overflow of the River Tiber. The stream has risen forty feet and Rome is threatened.

Col. Boudinot, the Indian representative, has given Senator Voorhees an elegant robe, made from the skins of wild-cats killed by the colonel in Arkansas.

Senator Ruger introduced a bill at Springfield, Ills., reducing the license for the sale of malt and spirituous liquors to a maximum of $250 per annum.

The Mexican soldiers stationed at Ensenada mutinied, murdered their captain, his wife, and several other persons, and fled with arms and ammunitions. They are reported to be making for United States territory.

Decorah, Iowa, has a mayor who doesn't believe mashers are necessary to a successful administration of the municipality. He dressed himself in girl's clothes, and when accosted by a loafer picked him up and carried him to the city prison.

English sailors, in a drunken condition, boarded a British bark at Portland, Ore., and a fight arose between the crew aboard and the intruders, marlin-spikes and handspikes being used with deadly effect. Three men were fatally wounded, and several others were badly injured.

STUNNING SENSATION FOR SHARON.

The Ex-Senator Proved in Court to Have Resorted to Bribery.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 13.—The Sharon case developed a stunning sensation Monday. The question to be settled was that of alimony and counsel fees. Mrs. Sharon swore her husband was worth $15,000,000, and had a monthly income of $100,000. Her lawyers demanded $150,000 for compensation. Gen. Barnes then proceeded to read an affidavit from Nellie Brackett, in which she admits the proceedings against Sharon are a plot, and that the "dear wife" letters were forgeries. Following this affidavit one of Sharon's was read, incorporated in which was an agreement between George W. Tyler and M. Gumpel to the effect that the latter was to be paid $25,000 to testify as an expert; that he agreed to the contract, and that the other letters were genuine. The agreement, with the signatures of the parties to the job, were submitted to the court. During the reading of Sharon's affidavit, Barnes' voice rose to a thundertone, while Tyler grew redder in the face. At the conclusion of the reading he burst out into a loud laugh. Foote, his assistant, looked uneasy, but after a whisper with Tyler, he also smiled audibly. Tyler wanted to know how the damaging documents had fallen into the hands of Barnes, to which no explanation was offered, until Tyler stated, under oath, that the document was bogus. Barnes then admitted that he had got it from Tyler's own clerk, paying $25,000. Tyler explained that he had put up the job with his clerk, who had been approached by a detective in Sharon's employ. Barnes wilted, and in five minutes appeared ten years older. He admitted having fallen into the trap. The point which Tyler has succeeded in making is that of establishing a case of actual bribery. The inference is that the Sharon side resorted to similar means in other instances.

THE GRANT RETIREMENT BILL.

Its Passage by the Senate—What Slocum and Rosecrans Say.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 15.—Mr. Edmunds' bill to place Gen. Grant on the retired list with the full rank and pay of general passed the senate after a short debate Wednesday. The vote stood—yeas 49, nays 9. Mr. Edmunds spoke strongly and feelingly in favor of the bill. Among the Democrats, Maxey, Voorhees, George, Gibson, and Jonas spoke in favor. The senators who voted nay were: Beck, Cockrell, Coke, Harris, Pendleton, Saulsbury, Slater, Vance, and Walker.

Gen. Slocum said that he should not under any circumstances report the bill passed by the senate to put Grant on the retired list but not mentioning his name. He declared he should report the other bill, which does mention Grant's name, and let the president veto it if he still thought his pretext for vetoing the Fitz John Porter bill was good. Gen. Rosecrans, chairman of the house military committee, is utterly opposed to putting Grant on the retired list. He says he is not in favor of recognizing in any way the late firm of Grant & Ward.

Parson Newman's Church.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—At a meeting of the congregation of the Madison Avenue Congregational church Monday night five trustees who are opposed to the leadership of Dr. Newman were elected for the ensuing three years. The election was held amid a scene of the most scandalous excitement and much strong language was used.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.

M. H. Crapser & Co.'s market circular of this evening says the markets on the board of trade were very strong to-day. Wheat—February, opened 79¼c, closed 80⅞@81c; March, opened 80c, closed 81⅝c; May, opened 85¼c, closed 87¼@87⅜c. Corn—February, opened 36⅝c, closed 37⅞@38c; March, opened 36¾c, closed 38c; May, opened 40⅜c, closed 41¼c. Oats—May, opened 29⅞, closed 30¼@30⅜c. Pork—March, opened $11.90, closed $12.25. Lard—March, opened $6.90, closed $7.00.

Live Stock—The Union Stock Yards reports the following range of prices: Hogs—Market dull, weak, and prices 10@15c lower; light grades, $4.05@4.30, common to choice; heavy mixed packing, $4.10@4.30, common to fair; $4.30@4.50, fair to choice; heavy shipping grades, $4.30 @ 4.50. Cattle—Market slow and 10@15c lower; common to fair, $4.25@5; medium to good, $5.25@5.75; exports, $5.85@6.30; butchers, $2.40@4.10; stockers, $3.30@4.40. Sheep—Market slow and 15@30c lower; common to fair, $2.50@3.25; medium to good, $3.30@4.25.

Produce: Butter—Fine creamery, 30@32c; good do, 25@30c; good to choice dairy, 16@20c; good roll, 14@16c; packing, 8@10c. Eggs—Best counts, 23@24c; good pickled, 18@20c. Potatoes—Good to choice early rose, peachblow, or Burbank, in car lots on track, 40@42c. Poultry—Good dressed turkeys, 10c; do chickens, 9@10c; do ducks, 10@11c; do geese, 7@10c. Apples—Good to fine, $2.00@2.50 per bbl. Hay—Good to choice timothy or upland prairie, $9@11 per ton.

New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.

Wheat—Opened heavy; ¼@½c lower; later recovered decline, advanced ⅛@½c; less doing. No. 1 white nominal; No. 2 red February 91⅞@92⅝c; March, 93¼@94⅜c; April, 95⅛@95¾c; May, 96¾@97⅛c. Corn—¼@½c higher; quiet; mixed western spot, 50@53¾c; future, 49⅝@52½c. Oats—Shade better; western, 36@41c. Provisions—Beef quiet and steady; new extra, $11@11.50. Pork, steady; new mess, $13.25@13.50. Lard, steadier; steam, $7.15.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 14.

Wheat—Active and higher, closing at 1@1¼c above yesterday; No. 2 red, 86¾@87c cash; 86⅛@87⅛c January; 86⅝@87¾c February; 89¾c March; 82¾@84⅛c May, closing at outside figures. Corn—Higher and active, closing ⅝@⅞c over yesterday; 35¾@36c cash; 35⅛@35¾c January and February; 36⅝c March; 37⅝@38⅛c May. Oats—Higher but slow; 27½c cash and January; 30⅞@31⅛c May. Rye—Steady; 52c. Barley—Quiet; 55@75c. Whisky—Steady; $1.12. Provisions—Firm and fairly active. Pork—$12.25. Lard—$6.62½@6.75. Bulk meats—Long clear, $6.00; short rib, $6.15; short clear, $6.40. Bacon—Long clear, $6.95@7.00; short rib, $7.10@7.12½; short clear, $7.37½.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Jan. 14.

Wheat—Quiet and firm; No. 2 cash and January, 79c; February, 80c; March, 81½c; May, 84⅜c; No. 2 soft, 87½c. Corn—Steady and quiet; No. 2 cash and January, 41c; May, 41¾c bid; No. 3, 40c; No. 3 yellow, 40¾c. Oats—Neglected; no quotations. Clover—Firm; prime, $5.10.

Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 14.

Wheat—Firm; No. 1 white, 89¾c cash and January; 90c February; 91½c bid March; 94c May; No. 2 red, 88½c cash and January; 89½c February; 91c March; 93c May; No. 3 red, 76c bid; Michigan soft red, 88½c. Corn—No. 2, 42c asked. Oats—Light mixed, 32½c; No. 2 white, 33c; No. 2, 31c.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 14.

Wheat—Stronger; No. 2, 79½c; January, 79½c; February, 79¾c; March, 80½c; May, 86⅝c. Corn—Quiet; No. 2, 37¾c. Oats—Firm; No. 2, 26½c. Rye—Steady; No. 1, 60c. Barley—Strong; No. 2, 53½c; extra No. 3, 48c.

GEN. BEAUREGARD.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE SCOUT'S RECOLLECTION OF HIM.

A Solitary Bivouac on a Dreary South Carolina Road—A Brief Interview with the General—A Day of Gloom.

[Cor. New York Times.]

It was neither because I had a good memory for localities nor for familiarity with the country that for the nine months before the break-up of the Confederacy the duties of scout and courier were assigned to me. I happened to be the owner of a thoroughbred horse of remarkable speed and endurance, and as he would carry me eighteen hours in the twenty-four, and keep it up at that rate for several days, I covered many thousands of miles. Horse and man when under orders were never spared, and more especially the latter. Occasionally I could save my horse from being completely broken down, because my superior officer had once been manager of a Kentucky racing stable, and if without any other acquirements, he knew at least how much a horse could stand. He had a certain amount of respect for a horse, but none for a man. When, at the wind-up of the contest, double and triple duty was expected of all the men, physical endurance was taxed to its utmost.

Reading Gen. Beauregard's admirable account of Bull Run in The Century, I wonder if this gallant gentleman remembers how, a day or two after the burning of Columbia, he with a couple of officers were bivouacked somewhere not over thirty miles from the capital of South Carolina? I had been riding very hard for the last few days, and was quite broken down. The limp movements of my horse, and his tail shaking, convinced me that it was a modest request on his part for me to disincumber him of my 165 pounds. So I dismounted at once, my horse following, the bridle thrown over my arm. There was a turn in the road, when the horse from a sluggish manner became suddenly on the alert, pricking his ears. That was enough for me. There was a man near, and my horse had winded him. Up in my saddle I was in an instant and I peered ahead of me. I knew Columbia had been burned, that our forces had left it, and I had some slight reason to suppose that the advance of the Federals might be in this direction. There was no use in going back, and I had to face the thing, whatever it might be. A thick fringe of brush on one side of the road would hide me. I took to it at once, skirting the road. Hitching up the horse to a limb of a pine tree, I went on afoot. I knew that my horse was so well educated, that even had there been a stampede, he would not break loose, nor even whinny, until I came back to him.

Walking gingerly along through a break in the brush, I made out three men. One stood quite apart from the rest and was motionless. At once I recognized Gen. Beauregard. I had never seen him before, but knew it was Beauregard from the pictures of him. At once I went back, mounted Joe and rode toward him. There was a momentary surprize on the part of the general and his comrades. I might have been a Federal scout with a troop behind me, for a light cloak hid my uniform on that chilly February morning Gen. Beauregard, with his arms behind him, was striding up and down before a small, smouldering fire. To me there was an expression of extreme distress on his countenance. I made out with the quick eye of one accustomed to note such things that, with the exception of the two officers, he was quite alone. I saw a light army wagon. Then the clatter of my saber attracted his attention. In an instant the soldier was manifest. He stood bolt upright and faced me. Then I rode quietly up and saluted him. Next throwing off my cloak displayed my greasy, torn uniform, which bore hardly and semblance of gray on it.

"What are you doing here, my man?" asked Gen. Beauregard, in quick, abrupt tones. "Go back to your regiment at once—at once. The curse of the service is straggling."

"I am no straggler, Gen. Beauregard," I replied respectfully.

"How do you know me? What is your company—your brigade?" he inquired, with a frown.

I told him the duty I was on, but still he was suspicious. Then I dismounted, and showed him my dispatches. He glanced quickly at the addresses on the envelopes, and said, "It's all right, then, I suppose. Do your duty, then. Time is precious. Good bye."

To be thus dismissed did not suit me. So I volunteered some information. At first he seemed disinclined to heed me, but the position of some of the Confederate forces and the Federal advance, and the possible whereabouts of Gen. Sherman, seemed to surprise him. Three northern papers, a fortnight old, I handed to him. Then he bid me stay a moment. I must confess I had hoped that a thimbleful of something to drink would have been offered to me. The general went to the two officers, who were standing in the background, and spoke to them. Then, turning to me, he said: "My friend, if what you say is true, we had all better leave here. You are sure you are not in error?" Then he looked me through and through. If ever a man had keen and piercing eyes, Gen. Beauregard was the possessor of them.

"That will do," he said, after some scrutiny. "Now, ride along, my man."

"Nothing to report, sir, at my headquarters?" I asked, again saluting.

"Nothing; good-bye."

Then I rode off, rather slowly and sadly. Turning in my saddle I could see Gen. Beauregard walking up and down, with the same short stride, backward and forward, past the low fire. He did not look happy. Perhaps he was thinking then how gloomy were the Confederate prospects. Between the flush of victory at Bull Run and the solitary bivouac in the South Carolina road, what a difference! I pondered over this meeting all that day. I had ample time for consideration, for my horse was too used up to carry me, and I walked my twenty miles. And it was well I did, for I had saved "Jo" for a good run that night. Then he wanted all his legs, for I was only saved by his speed from being gobbled up by a squad of Kilpatrick's scouts.

Faith by Proxy.

[New York Graphic.]

"Hello, old man! I'm glad to see you out again. The last time I heard from you, you were pretty sick."

"Yes, I haven't been out before for over a year."

"What doctor did you have?"

"Half a dozen. The last one was a preacher. He used the faith-cure, and that brought me out all right."

"Faith-cure? Why, you used to be a regular infidel. Did you have any faith in it?"

"No, but the preacher had."

The Sacred Flag.

Queen Victoria has had the sacred flag blessed by the mehdi and presented to her relegated to the attic because it was so dirty and smelled so badly.

CAMPAIGN RELICS.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE PARADE PARAPHERNALIA?

Thousands of Uniforms, Torches, Helmets, Flags and Banners Falling into the Hands of the Small Boy and the Junkman.

[New York Star.]

All the pomp and circumstance of the glorious political war are over, and the imposing pageants are things of the past. The martial music, the brilliant flambeaux, the gayly caprisoned horsemen and the handsomely equipped civic infantry will be seen no more until next election. To many persons who have witnessed the imposing political demonstrations of the past few weeks it will prove interesting to know a few facts in connection with the work necessary to fit out the hosts of both parties with campaign goods. The manufacture and sale of these outfits give employment to a large number of men, and require the investment of considerable capital. Ephemeral utility of the articles used in processions necessitates that the materials out of which they are manufactured be not too expensive, and, like the spangles on the gossamer garments of the danseuse, they are intended to be more ornamental than useful. A Broadway firm, which make a specialty of manufacturing campaign goods, gave some interesting facts to a reporter in relation to the extent of the business carried on in this line. It is estimated that nearly $2,000,000 was invested in political goods throughout the country this year, some firms carrying as high as $100,000 worth of stock. The campaign goods business was greatly divided this year, many hat manufacturers going largely into the making of helmets and a number of fancy goods houses supplying the market with shirts.

Another class of men who are pecuniarily benefited by political contests are the manufacturers of banners and transparencies. A Duane street firm provided $10,000 worth of business during the recent campaign, and could have made half as much again if they desired to turn out inferior work. Probably $100,000 has been spent in New York city and Brooklyn alone for signs, banners and transparencies. To a person of an inquiring turn of mind, the following question must frequently suggest itself: "What becomes of all this paraphernalia after election?" In the first place there are the torches. After having been utilized in parades the torch becomes the property of the multitudinous gamin, who organizes a demonstration of his own on a small scale. With the aid of discarded campaign attire, he marches with comrades of his own through a number of the city streets until his patriotic career is brought to a wholesome stop by the armed intervention of the unsympathetic patrolman in blue. The torch, after figuring in these puerile pageants, undergoes as many vicissitudes as the average mortal, and occasionally winds up as the solitary illuminator of some Italian's chestnut stand.

There is a horrible fascination about a uniform to young men, whether it be the gaudy trappings of the militia or the tawdry finery of a campaign outfit, which under the charitable radiance of the electric light, assumes an almost princely splendor. The fair sex is not indifferent to the attractive appearance of a corps of robust young fellows, all similarly attired, and this, perhaps, is why the average young man robes himself in a suit which, in his lucid intervals, he would shun as he would the yellow fever. The garments ultimately became the booty of the small boy, who dons them with a serene satisfaction that belongs only to boyhood, and goes forth conquering and to be conquered. On the east side of town in the thickly populated districts, the immense number of young hoodlums and the frequency of their parades within the past ten days appalled the somnolent peeler and woke him up. His raids on the enthusiastic urchins carried dismay into their ranks, and they generally retired in confusion, leaving munitions of war, in the shape of torches, flags, etc., in the possession of their natural enemy, the policeman.

But New York is not the only town wherein great political processions are held. All over the lenght and breadth of the land the irrepressible ardor of political enthusiasts finds vent in parades and fireworks, bonfires and stump speeches. The transient nature of political paraphernalia obtains all over the country, and after being used once is generally lost sight of forever. The ordinary American citizen is gifted with a sound stratum of common sense, and he can nearly always see through the transparent devices of professional politicians when they try to stimulate a factitious enthusiasm for certain candidates. After the heat of the battle most men return to the ordinary affairs of life keep an eye well peeled for the main chance, and in such individuals the trappings of a campaign can awaken no memories of exultation, and the torches and clothes are incontinently flung away. The ubiquitious junk dealer derives probably as much benefit as any body from the discarded uniforms, because rags have a market value always, and he usually falls in for the great proportion of the clothing.

Owing to the business of campaign goods being divided up among so many manufacturers, there was less profit this year than in any preceding presidential year. Four years ago there was more money spent for political outfits than in the season just passed. One firm had 60,000 torches left on its hands, which had been made with the expectation of selling them to a local political leader.

A Live-Preserver.

[Merchant Traveler.]

Mr. and Mrs. Lovgin went to Louisville recently by boat, and in the morning, when Mrs. L. arose, she looked suspiciously at her husband and said:

"Were you up during the night?"

"Yes, dear," he responded gently.

"What was the matter?"

"Why, my dear, I woke up in the night a little nervous, and I got up to see if the life-preserver was in good condition in case of accident."

"Did you find it?"

"Yes, my dear."

"So I should say," she replied, with a disagreeable rasp in her voice, "and you left the cork on the shelf. Possibly, my darling, you had better put it back in the life-preserver, so it will be all right for the next passengers who may occupy this state-room."

Mr. Lovgin took the cork and didn't continue the conversation.

Did Not Work.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Mrs. A.—Well, I tried your plan for making the kitchen girl contented, but it is a perfect failure.

Mrs. B.—A failure! My plan of giving presents a failure? Oh, there must be some mistake.

"Indeed there is not. I gave her a beautiful present costing nearly $10, and she did not like it a bit. In fact, she got mad and is going to leave."

"Dear me! That's strange. What did you give her?"

"An elegant gilt and ebony alarm clock."

From a Japanese Sermon.

[Phrenological Journal.]

Miss Bird, a traveler in Japan, prepared a sermon preached in that country by a priest of the country, for an English paper, that shows how similar the domestic life of the Mongolian, in its mental phases at least, is to the home life of the Caucasian. The text, taken from the Chinese classics, was: "That which is evil, be it but small, do it not; that which is good, be it but small, fail not to do." The preacher, very much in the same strain as a Christian clergyman would do on the same subject, showed how much evil can result from very small beginnings.

"Take, as an example," said he, "the way a husband calls his wife. Should he summon her with a pleasant 'Here, good wife,' she will reply with a soft 'Ay, ay.'

"Now take an opposite case.

"Husband—What are you pottering about there? Just stir about, will you? These short days too!

"Wife—I know the days are short, and that is just it. If any one comes to the door I have to answer, and the washing to do besides, and I haven't five or six hands to do it, have I?

"Husband—Are you going to give your husband any of your ill chat?

"Wife—Well, what are you doing hugging that fire box all day, instead of lending me a helping hand now and then?

"Husband—What's that? Now, look here, I'm not an ox, I'll have you know. You are not going to put your rope through my nose and lead me all over the place."

And so they go on. He, a fine strapping young fellow, and she a sweet-looking young girl, now red, now green with passion. "Such a hubbub," the preacher says, "all for want of a little care over the small politeness of daily life."

Human nature seems very like the world over, and one feels as if this quarreling was a sadly faithful copy of what one might hear in an American cottage where things had gone wrong, and the Christian maxim had been forgotten: "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Husbands and Wives.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Husbands and wives do not know till they learn by experience (which some never do) how much can be added to the sum of their happiness by thinking twice, and indefinitely postponing when either is tempted to say a cutting thing to the other. It does not take a great while for a young couple to win the confidence each of the other, that nothing designed to wound will be said. When this confidence is established, words which otherwise would inflict pain become harmless. In a family where this confidence is secured by uniform respect for the feelings of each other, there is a degree of freedom from restraint, and of general happiness, which is impossible where it is not. Every good family is a training school, in which the husband and wife, from the nuptial day, are pupils.

He is an exceptional and rarely fortunate young man who has not some habits of deportment which mar his character and influence. It is expected of the wife that she will correct and eradicate these. Unless the husband has an incurable, coarse nature, she is justly held responsible for the polish and neatness of his manners, as much as for the purity of his linen, when he appears in church or society. And if the wife has unpleasant imperfections of manner or conduct, it always reflects upon the husband. This shows that by common consent the family is regarded as a training school in which the husband and wife, as well as the children, are learners. Such being the case, each should submit to the necessary discipline with pleasure.

DRAFT HORSES

FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE.

A. S. Chamberlain, for forty years proprietor of the Bull's Head Stables, New York City, in reference to the values of different breeds of draft horses, said:

"I keep exchange and sale stables for horses. Don't deal on my own account to any extent. All classes of horses, amounting to several thousands annually, come to my stables from all sections of the country. A large number of these are draft horses of the different breeds, the Clydesdales, the French horses called Percherons or Normans, the English and Belgian. There seems to be a larger demand for the French horses than any other breed.

"Some years ago we used to get a great many horses from Upper Canada. These were Clydesdales, and would weigh from 1,400 to 1,600 pounds, but they did not seem to answer the purpose; as a general thing their feet were thin shelled and flat, and being heavy horses their feet would not stand the pavements. The French horses have good feet and stand the pavements better than the Clydesdales. That is the reason they sell better.

"I would advise the farmers and breeders who are breeding horses to sell on the New York market for draft purposes to breed from the French horses in preference to all others."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The best horses to be found in France are recorded with pedigrees in full in the Percheron Stud Book of that Country.

At the great importing and breeding establishment of M. W. Dunham, Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois, hundreds of the finest specimens of this famous race can be found at all times. 87w2

To those most noble patriots and placeholders, J. Stone, W. Livingstone et al.: "Dearly beloved: Officeholders forfeit all just claims to retention, by using their places for party purposes, in disregard of their duty to the people, and because instead of bedecent public servants they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management. Yours in tears,

"G. CLEVELAND.

"P. S.—Pack your grips and prepare to hump. Sigh.—Later. March 5. Hump! Deep sighs.—Latest. Gone! Democrats rejoice. Ditto Republicans."*Detroit Times.*

Says the New York *Tribune:* The following sentiment has been going the rounds long enough, ascribed to Senator Palmer of Michigan, whose income is said to be $200,000 a year: "The only three substantial things that you can get out of life are a full stomach, a good suit of cloths, and a bed to sleep on. Everything else belongs to the realm of illusions." If Senator Palmer pines for a change, we know any quantity of men who stand ready to file a satisfactory bond to supply him with all the food he can hold, all the clothes he can wear, and beds enough to run a hotel, in exchange for his $200,000 of illusion per year. There is no occasion for him to go on wearing his life out with unsatisfying illusions when he can barter them off to such a substantial advantage.

TALK ABOUT SLAUGHTER!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS? THIS?

Entire Stock Marked Down.

Look at These Prices.

Boys' Overcoats, 50 cts., ages 4 to 11 years.
Men's Grey Double Breasted Sack Coats, well made, well lined, $1.

BOYS' OVERCOATS at 75 cents, ages 13 to 14.
MEN'S SUITS, well made, at $25.
Union Cassimere PANTS, Lined Throughout, at 50 cents.
$25 OVERCOATS, for $15. $10 Overcoats, $7.00.
$15 OVERCOATS, for $10. $8 Overcoats, for $5.

SUITS at the SAME LOW FIGURES.

Biggest Bargains Ever Heard of!

A Perfect Bonanza!

J. L. HUDSON, Clothier,

Detroit Opera House Building.

1061y1

De Land's Boquet Duchesse all the rage. Sold by all druggists.

In regard to the end of the world, "We have a more sure word of prophecy to which we do well to give heed," viz: "Of that day and hour, knoweth no man; no, not the angels of heaven."

Ask for Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. Price 75 cents. Sold by Fred S. Davis.

Hamilton Fish was secretary of state for eight years. In that time it cost him $17,000 a year beyond his salary to live and entertain. It cost Evarts $12,000 a year more than his salary while Frelinghuysen is said to be out $40,000 in his four years under Arthur.

What is It?

Botanical Kidney and Liver Remedy. A positive cure for all Kidney and Liver complaints. Leading physicians use and recommend it. Satisfaction guaranteed. For sale by Frank Smith. 1 61y1

So long as the people allow money to buy senatorships they must expect that body to represent monopolists instead of the people. The Senate represents very well the integrity—or rather lack of integrity—of the people.—*Madison Democrat.*

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot. Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city 43w50

"Convicts' Tavern."

[Chicago Herald.]

The last new thing in the way of restaurants in Paris is a "convicts' tavern." The waiters will wear the dress of convicts, and their hair will be closely cropped. Bread and water in all styles will be sold at fancy prices, and the attractive young women dressed as convicts will sell absinthe behind a bar.

Formerly weak, nervous, dyspeptic, and debilitated individuals who found only disappointment in the various bitters and secret quack nostrums, pretended kidney medicines, etc., are agreeably surprised to regain perfect health and strength of mind and body, and complete heart's ease and freedom from aches and pains by the use of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It restores every disordered function to a normal condition. 87w2

The Form and the Fact.

[Boston Globe.]

"For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful," devoutly murmured Dusenbury, sitting with folded hands at the dinner table. Then looking disdainfully over the dishes set before him, he snarled: "Good gracious, Maria, how many times do you want me to tell you that I don't hanker for cabbage and corned beef more than three times in one week?"

If you suffer with Sick Headache, Constipation, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, or Bilious attacks, **Emory's Little Cathartic Pills** will relieve you; as a regulator of the bowels they have no equal; very small, one to three to a dose.—15 cents.

Prof. Harris' Pastilles for nervous debility, etc., are offered on *free trial.* Their failure causes no loss except to prodrietors, who know their merit. Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo. jan

A better day is coming. Business men feel encouraged. There will be fewer business falures in 1885 than 1884. Improvement in financial circles may be slow, but the more gradual it is the better its promise of permanency. We shall all rejoice when the idle manufacturing establishments in the country all start up again, affording employment to men out of work. A man with a family to support, who can find nothing to do, is in a pitiable plight. He deserves sympathy and help.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

War's dread alarms, carry terror to the hearts of peace-loving citizens, but it is safe to say that the number of lives annually sacrificed to liver complaint, in its various forms, greatly exceed those of the most destructive battles. George L. Martinez, of Nicaraugua, writes: "During my last visit to New York I was presented with half a dozen bottles Mishler's Herb Bitters, and I cheerfully testify that less than two bottles cured me of liver complaint of five years' standing."

Fred S. Davis states that indigestion prepares every one for disease, but guarantees Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets to cure all forms of indigestion. 6

"We owe it to candor" said Mr. Monroe, "as to the amicable relations existing between this Republic and those Powers [composing the 'Holy Alliance'] to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition." These words contain the Monroe doctrine.—*Chicago Times.*

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Daily, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she October she procured a Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 pounds in a few months. Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at Frank Smith's Drug Store. Large Bottles $100. 4

Judge Cooley's article is judicial, broad and suggestive. The restless untrained mental and moral condition of the millions of blacks in the South, the ignorant superstition and disorganizing tendencies of the vast population thronging to our shores from the other lands hedge the questions of self government and individual rights with perplexing difficulties. But with the law of God over us, there is no greater power than that of a righteons public sentiment. There is no safer hall of justice than a christianized conscience, unnarrowed by avarice and ambition.

W at t is—What it does.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made of sarsaparilla, dandelion, mandrake, cherry bark, uva ursi, dock, and other valuable medicinal agents long and favorably known for their power in eradicating disease and purifying the blood. It will cure, when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, Billousness, General Debtlity, Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaint, Catarrh, Female Weakness, Cancerous Humors, Humors of the Face, Ringworm, Pimples, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Scald Head, and all diseases arising from an impure state or low condition of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is made by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists; $1 per bottle, six for $5. janx1

THE SECRET ART OF BEAUTY lies not in cosmetics, but only in pure blood and healthy action of the vital organs, to be obtained by Burdock Blood Bitters.

ACHES! PAINS!

"I ache all over!" What a common expression; and how much it means to many a poor sufferer! These aches have a cause, and more frequently than is generally suspected, the cause is the Liver or Kidneys. No disease is more painful or serious than these, and no remedy is so prompt and effective as

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

No remedy has yet been discovered that is so effective in all KIDNEY AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, etc., and yet it is simple and harmless. Science and medical skill have combined with wonderful success those herbs which nature has provided for the cure of disease. It strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, the distinguished Congressman, once wrote to a fellow member who was suffering from indigestion and kidney disease: "Try Mishler's Herb Bitters, I believe it will cure you. I have used it for both indigestion and affection of the kidneys, and it is the most wonderful combination of medicinal herbs I ever saw."

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., 525 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails 82y1

RICE'S

TEMPERANCE HOTEL

COR. CONGRESS AND BATES.

Detroit, Mich.

Rates $1 to $1.25 per day, Single Meals 30c Lodgings, 35 to 50 Cents.

OYSTERS D.D.MALLORY & CO FRUITS

Wholesale Dealers in OYSTERS & FOREIGN FRUITS. Manufacturers of Hermetically Sealed Goods, Pickles, Preserves, etc. 53, 55, 57 Jefferson Ave. DETROIT, MICH. 1078w9

HARRIS REMEDY CO., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

H'f'g Chemists and Sole Prop's of PROF. HARRIS' PASTILLE REMEDY

Young Men and others who suffer from Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Exhaustion and their many gloomy consequences, are quickly and radically cured.

The Remedy is put up in boxes. No. 1 (lasting a month), $3. No. 2 (enough to effect a cure, unless in severe cases,) $5; No. 3 (lasting three months), $7. Sent by mail in plain wrappers. Directions for Using accompany each Box. Pamphlet describing this disease and mode of cure sent sealed on application.

36y1

HEADACHE

and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists. 36y1

RUPTURE

Cured without Surgical Operation or detention from business at the Vienna Rupture Institute, St. Louis. This Institute is Chartered by the State of Missouri. Dr. Smythe's books containing likenesses of persons before and after cure, mailed for 10c. Persons treated start home same day. Address

Dr. F. T. SMYTHE, Pres.
Vienna Institute, 1105 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

1044y1

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS FOR THE

LIVER

And all Bilious Complaints

Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists. 1055y1

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY DETROIT

We Guarantee our work to give satisfaction in every particular. Good commission to agents. 1072y1

HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE ONLY TRUE

FACTS REGARDING Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

It will purify and enrich the **BLOOD,** regulate the **LIVER** and **KIDNEYS,** and RESTORE THE HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH! In all those diseases requiring a certain and efficient TONIC, especially Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength, etc., its use is marked with immediate and wonderful results. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

LADIES suffering from all complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. It gives a clear and healthy complexion.

The strongest testimony to the value of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is that frequent attempts at counterfeiting have only added to the popularity of the original. If you earnestly desire health do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL AND BEST.

Send your address to The Dr. Harter Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo., for our "DREAM BOOK." Full of strange and useful information, free.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC IS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

1040-y1

YPSILANTI COMMERCIAL.

Good Will to Man—Onward and Upward.

The death of Schuyler Colfax will touch a chord of kindly remembrance in a host of hearts, especially in Michigan.

Hon. O. M. Barnes, of Lansing, is spoken of for a cabinet position. He most certainly would honor the state and the incoming administration.

All efforts to malign St. John, all accusations attempting to dishonor him and the Prohibition party as traitors and prostitute salesmen of themselves and their principles, prove a powerful boomerang upon the accusers.

READ AND PONDER.

Some of the leading republican papers and their whipper snappers of the smaller fry are still at it, trying to make the people believe that St. John is politically dead and has lost all his influence in Kansas. The following sensible notice of St. John and of a speech he made a couple of weeks since, as well as the sound advice given shows to the contrary. We quote from the ablest republican paper of Kansas, The Topeka (Kansas) Tribune. It must be remembered that Topeka is the capital of Kansas:

Ex-Gov. St. John addressed a large audience in the Senate Chamber Tuesday night. He made one of the grandest efforts of his life. He dealt with many solid facts that made a lasting impression on his audience. He struck some heavy blows at the men that have opposed him so bitterly since the campaign. As republicans, we cannot see where we are gaining anything at all by a continued fight on Mr. St. John. The more we fight him the stronger he will be politically. We think that the time has come for the republicans to call a halt, for a while at least. Let us stop and think until we get in good humor over the result of the election, and then make a new start for the future work of the republican party, not with malice, but with common sense. As temperance men, we have been a little careless in the past and left the bars down, and if we are not careful St. John will put them up behind us and we will be hemmed in for the future. Let us negotiate for peace and not for war.

THE POST-OFFICE.

The whole number in the country is 50,017, 2,323 are appointed by the President. 47,694 by the Postmaster-General. During the past year 11,953 were by appointment, of which 7,265 were through resignations and expirations of commissions. The whole number of places acted upon during the year were 13,841 more than a quarter of the whole. The commission of postmaster is four years. Harper's Weekly says:

Under the present system the country post-office is often the local headquarters of the Administration party, and the postmaster is forced into partisan activity by the politicians of his neighborhood, and by the consciousness that his official head will pay for any laxity of party zeal. All such officers, whether in post-offices or else where, constitute a drilled partisan army, and the disbandment of this army, entrenched for party purposes in public service, is one of the objects of reform. It does not aim to deprive any officer of his party preferences or his party vote, but to prohibit, as a public officer, his partisan prostitution of his place.

The reform movement, including the passage of the national reform bill, has beneficially affected this situation. The amount of money extorted from the public employes was smaller this year than for many years, and there are great numbers of postmasters and other public officers everywhere who have attended quietly and faithfully to their duty, trusting to the sound sentiment which has been rapidly growing in both parties that a purely partisan civil service is one of the most threatening of dangers Under such a partisan system a general election is no longer a choice between policies of administration, but a desperate struggle to dislodge an organized army of placeholders. Nothing would do so much to free elections from intrigue and corruption as the knowledge that the tenure of the 50,000 postmasters and of the holders of other business places under the government is to be determined not by party zeal, but by official honesty and efficiency. The opportunity to prove this is the great opportunity of the coming Administration.

SILVER COINING.

For The Commercial.

James Livingston's composition as near as I can recollect it, was in these words:

STOVES.

'Stoves are a very good thing. Stoves are better than fireplaces, for one stove saves half of the wood. Would it not be a better plan, then, to have two stoves and save it all"

The Sentinel says: "What the government does is, buy silver in the open market. If it coins 85 cents worth and calls it 100 cents, it makes a clean gain of the difference, less the cost of coining."

That's right, Charley. Give me a good, honest, brainy democratic editor, to make a fraud appear respectable. But why go "fooling around" with a profit of less than 15 per cent? Why not withdraw all the silver and make almost a "clean" dollar every time the mint drops the coin?

And then, here comes a western man with a number of reasons why the coinage of silver dollars should not be suspended. And they are all of them good and sufficient reasons too. Nobody can answer them, and, what is more to the purpose, nobody wants to answer them, for at present no such question is in debate before the Great American Lyceum. Silver is an American product; the silver dollar is our own coin; it has always been here and it is here to stay. And every question about it has long been settled, except just this one. Shall we have and handle an honest dollar or a fraud? Or in other words, shall we proceed at once to *recoin* the whole enormous pile of light weight dollars in the treasury, putting in silver enough to make them intrinsically worth 100 cents a piece? We could not insult any one's good sense and honesty by arguing such a question as this. The man who cannot assent to such a proposition as this, lacks the true metal and needs re-coining himself. K.

ORGANIZATION OF THE LEGISLATURE.

HOUSE.

Representative Clark is elected Speaker.

Clerk,—D. L. Crossman, Williamston.

Enrolling Clerk,—Willi W. Hannah, Detroit.

Sergeant-at-Arms,—W. H. Dunn, Oceana.

Janitor,—Chas. A. Lee, Hamtramck.

Keeper of the Cloak Room,—W. Tomlinson, Macomb.

SENATE.

Secretary,—Lewis M. Miller, Macomb.

Assistant Secretary,—John D. Sumner, Kalamazoo.

Enrolling Clerk,—F. M. Howe, Gaylord.

Assistant Enrolling Clerk,—Mrs. I R. Jameson, Lansing.

Sergeant-at-Arms,—P. Q. Stoner, Menominee.

Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms,—W. W. Williams, Eaton Rapids; D. G. Cruoy, Muskegon.

Janitor,—Vincenzo Hackley, Grand Ledge.

The famous Crouch trial is at an end and Dan Holcomb is pronounced by a jury of his countrymen not guilty. His is not the the first case by any means in the last few years where alleged criminals in the popular belief, have failed to be convicted and punished. And now again the blood of those four persons murdered on that fata stormy November night in 1883 cries from the ground. Shall the cry be in vain?

The Free Press says of Dan Holcomb:

Of course, as an accused before the law, he was not obliged to discover the culprit, but he has no right to expect that the public will be satisfied with the negative testimony necessary to convince a jury. He attributes the suspicions excited against him to "the d——d newspapers," but the newspapers, either of the accursed or blessed kind, have only reported the alleged facts which have been developed from time to time. It is the facts, not the newspapers, that, like the spot on Lady Macbeth's hand, are "damned" and will not "out."

BAD BUSINESS.

Nothing could be more harmful to the financial interests of the people of the United States than the course of Mr. McCalloch, which has been all that he threatened it should be, Not even John Sherman, the leading financier in the world, so far as natural bent and personal astuteness go, would have sanctioned a policy so miserly, and so evidently one-thoughted toward the desires of the Wall street bears. Had Mr. McCulloch been Secretary when Jay Cooke failed, the country would have "gone into the hands of a Receiver." Mr. Folger found no difficulty in reducing the public debt, decreasing the people's burdens, and circulating an extra ten millions of money just when the Shylocks of Wall street least wanted it done. Secretary Folger did *so much*, though he knew as little of the West as we know of Liberia. But Mr. McCulloch has not bought a bond since he was appointed. The debt piles up. So does the lock-up. He purchases the applause of a few bear-bankers at the everlasting loss of his reputation as a great financial agent.—*Chicago Current.*

WEDDING PRESENTS.

We take the follofling opportune article from the Beacon, the new organ of Michigan Congregationalists:

Wedding presents are not always what their name implies. They can be both cheap and mean, and though the bride is loath ever to admit her gifts are not "numerous and costly," they don't always satisfy her nor represent the amount she has expended on other brides under like circumstances. A present that arouses a feeling of obligation in the recipient is no more in good taste than one that falls short of expectations, and had far better never be sent. Girls have been known to scoff at offerings of their dear friends on such occasions, and to look very close at the motives inspiring the remembrance. They wonder why Mrs. Threestars sends a ridiculous china vase instead of a piece of silver, which she is able to afford, and fairly turn up their noses at a lace toilet set to be bought in any shop for less than two dollars; the spirit of the gift is entirely lost sight of, but rage actually fill the human heart when people send flowers, perishable flowers that are very well the day a girl's engagement is "out," but which belong to another ceremony of sadder associations, or to every-day expressions of sentimental regard. If this custom should become universal where would the the poor brides be? With what would they adorn their new homes, or how would they set their dinner tables? Wedding cards with "no flowers" bracketed in one corner would savor too much of a funeral notice, yet that is the only remedy fertile imagination can suggest at present.

Already the bright rainbow of promise is clearly discernable in the commercial firmament. The outlook is one of great promise.—*Portland Standard.*

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to Cured o money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c. a Box. No cure, no pay. For sale by A. D. Morford. 1065y1

1885 is a red-letter year to several of the States. For Michigan it marks the semi-centennial of the establishment of the Baptist State Convention. Kansas will make it the year for the celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary.—*Chicago Standard.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA
When she had Children, she gave them CAST'A

Newspapers in England do not circulate by subscription as they do in America, but they are sent over the country and sold by news agents. Then, they are sold cheaper here than in America, one penny (2 cents) being the usual price.—*Correspondence Christian Evangelist.*

How many hard-working ministers and lawyers sit at their desks and in their studies, who are suffering from overwork or indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, sleeplessness and irritability, who might by the use of Rheumatic Syrup regulate their digestive organs, cure their dyspepsia, sleep soundly and thus rest their nerves and be better fitted for their daily labors. Try it and you will be convinced of it merits.

The difference between a dull and a lively town is generally due to the absence or presence of half a dozen live men. Some places grow by slow process and because of natural advantages. In others the advantages are compelled to come and settle,—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Always Reliable.

Botanical Tonic for Biliousness, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, and an excellent Blood Purifier. Leading physician's use and recommend it. Satisfaction guaranteed. For sale by Frank Smith. 2

Gov. Cleveland has just sent back untasted, a gold-hooped cask of rum which an enthusiastic Binghamton, N. Y., admirer had sent him as "a not unworthy souvenir of the part it played in the celebrated alliterative triplet."

Catarrh

Is a very prevalent and exceedingly disagreeable disease, liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Being a constitutional disease, it requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh in even its most severe forms. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

D. M. Ferry & Co.. Seedsmen, of Detroit, Mich., have kindly sent us their Seed Annual for 1885. It is one of the most artistic publications ever issued by any seed house. It has been very carefully revised, and is more valuable than ever before. The Flower Seed Department is especially valuable, as they have taken the utmost care to insure correctness as regards names, classifications, descriptions and cultural directions. Their facilities for filling, promptly and satisfactorily, all orders intrusted to them are unsurpassed by any house in the country; and their long established reputation is an absolute guarantee as to the quality of the seeds used. Their Seed Annual is sent free on application.

PHYSICAL PATCHWORK.

In Rheumatism and Neuralgia there is much physical patchwork. The medicines taken have not gone to the seat of the disease. Not so with ATHLOPHOROS. It expels Rheumatism permanently. A case in point—that of William Bradley, 304 Columbus Avenue, New Haven, a driver for Adams Express. He say: "Was driven from my business for three Months by an attack of Rheumatism. One bottle of ATHLOPHOROS cured me. Have been on my wagon every day since, rain or shine."

Christianity, if it means anything, means sixteen ounces to the pound, three feet to the yard, a just weight and a just measure. It means honesty in all dealings, purity in all conversation, a charity as broad as the race, unflinching integrity, sympathy and humanity to man. With those there can be no compromise.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee DR. MARCHISI'S CATHOLICON, A FEMALE REMEDY, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucherrhœa, besides many weaknesees springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the heart, etc. For sale by Druggists. Prices $1.00 and $1.50 per Bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for Phamphlet, free. For sale by A. D. Morford. 1065y1

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All Druggists. One Dollar a bottle, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

A THRILLING STORY.

As Told by a Merchant in Troy, N. Y. A Surgical Operation Avoided. How a Father, Wife and Daughter Escaped an Awful Doom.

Of the hundreds of accounts of remarkable cures wrought by DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, none have appeared so purely astonishing as the following: The persons mentioned are among the most highly in the city of Troy, and the story as told by the father will prove interesting to all our readers.—ED. TROY, N. Y.

DR. KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR: My daughter was afflicted with a severe growth of Fungus. To remove it we had resorted to almost every remedy and consulted the most prominent surgeons and physicians. Dr.——of Troy, said that a surgical operation would be necessary, but fearing fatal results I hesitated. Some of the physicians claimed that it was caused by one thing and some by another. The Fungus was prominent and disfigured her looks. Having heard of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY working so thoroughly on the blood I determined to try it, to see if this medicine could do what doctors had failed to do what doctors had failed to do and surgeons had hardly dared to undertake. I can say in truth that the result of this trial was the complete cure of my daughter of this dreadful malady. Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY alone effected it. We used nothing else, for other things had completely failed. My daughter to-day enjoys vigorous health and to Favorite Remedy alone is the credit due. My wife also was very poor in health, due to some liver difficulty with which she had suffered a long time until she became very much reduced in flesh. A trial of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has resulted in the complete restoration of her health, which she had not enjoyed for years. She had gained flesh and strength, and thus secured perfect health, and this is DUE ENTIRELY TO DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY. As for myself, being engaged in the grocery and commission business, which makes it necessary for me to test the quality of different articles, like butter, etc., my sense of taste and my stomach were seriously injured. Everything seemed to nauseate me, and fearful of dyspepsia in its most severe form, I tried Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY. The first bottle afforded immediate relief, and from that day to to this I can say that Favorite Remedy has restored me to perfect health. These are facts which I claim prove that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the best medicine in the world for those afflicted with the above difficulties. If any one in the city of Troy doubts the truth of these statements let him come to me and I will prove them. I have recommended Favorite Remedy to hundreds and with the same good results.

Yours, etc., WILLIAM WINDSOR.
Corner Canal and Mount Streets, Troy, N. Y.
jan

If there were more papers like the Chicago Current to call the people to their senses at this time, the cry of hard times would be so small as to scarcely be heard.—*Ripon, Wis., Commonwealth.*

MICHIGAN WEIGHTS.

The following table gives the number of pounds per bushel recognized by law in this state on articles naimed.

Apples, dried	22	Hemp seed	44
Barley	48	Millet	50
Beans	60	Malt	32
Buckwheat	48	Oats	38
Blue grass	14	Onions	5
Bran	20	Peaches, dried	24
Castor brans	46	Peas	68
Clover seed	60	Llastering hair	0
Corn, on ear	70	Potatoes, Irish	68
Corn, Shelled	56	Potatoes, sweet	50
Corn meal	50	Yye	56
Charcoal	22	Salt, coarse	56
Coal	80	Timothy seed	40
Cram berries	40	Turnips	55
Flax seed	56	Wheat	68

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS.

Entirely VEGETABLE AND A SURE CURE FOR COSTIVENESS

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Eruptions and Skin Diseases.

Price, 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

New Advertisements.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

FREE A Book of 160 pages on Love & Courtship, sent free by the Union Pub. Co., Newark, N.J. Send 5c. for postage. LOVE

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.
30w4

SENT FREE OF CHARGE.

H. C. F. KOCH & CO.,
6th Ave., and 20th, St., N. Y. City.
Will issue on or about March 10th, and send FREE to any addresss their

FASHION CATALOGUE
For Spring and Summer, 1885

Beautifully illustrated with lithographic Fashion Plates, and about 2,000 Wood Engravings; a complete guide for all Ladies' Gents' Children's and Infants' wear, Housekeeping Goods, Millinery, etc.

This firm does the largest and most satisfactory catalogue trade in this country.

They list all goods at their New York store **prices,** which are acknowledged **lower than those of any other house in the United States.**

They receive back and refund the money for all goods not desired excepting those made to order and so classed in their book.

They guarantee all articles exactly as represented, and have earned for themselves an unequalled reputation for fair and honest dealing.

Muslin, Cambric and Fine Underwear a Specialty.

DEALERS should send for their Special Discount List to the Trade.

60 DAYS 60

MORE AT

A. WILLIAMS & CO.

On Oct. 15th, we began our Great Clearing Out Sale of $30,000 Stock. We have sold $20,000 in ninety days, and have $10,000 yet to sell. As we are going entirely out of the business, we want to close the entre stock in 60 days. Commencing Jan. 10, we will begin the most terriffic SLAUGHTER of DRY GOODS ever heard of in this part of the country.

For Prices See Bills and See Us.

Terms Strictly CASH and ONE PRICE.

A. WILLIAMS & CO.

Patents

Obtained in the United States and Foreign Countries. GEO. H. LOTHROP, 70 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.
1086y1

CLARK'S Root Cutter.

The only cutter that will cut ROOTS in suitable shape for SHEEP and All Stock. Send for Special Circular.
Higman Mnfg Company, Higgman, Ct.
85w4
Warehouse 38 South Market street, Boston, Mass.

ISLAND HOME Stock Farm,
Grosse Ile, Wayne Co., Mich.
SAVAGE & FARNUM, PROPRIETORS.

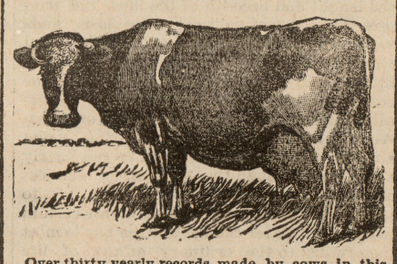
Patrocle No. 2620 (1167).
IMPORTED
Percheron Horses.

All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American stud books.

ISLAND HOME

Is beautifully situated at the head of GROSSE ILE in the Detroit River, ten miles below the City, and is accessible by railroad and steamboat. Visitors not familiar with the location may call at city office 52 Campau Building, and an escort will accompany them to the farm. Send for catalogue, free by mail. Address, SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.
1082m6

Holstein Cattle!



Over thirty yearly records made by cows in this herd, which averaged 14,212 lbs, 5 oz. per year, at an average age of 4½ years. In 1881 our entire herd of mature cows averaged 14,164 lbs. 15 oz. In 1882 our entire herd of eight 3-year olds averaged 12,388 lbs. 9 oz. On April 1st, 1884, TEN cows in this herd had made records from 14,000 to 18,000 lbs. each, the average being 15,608 lbs. 6 3-10 oz. We milked through the year ending in June last, five mature cows, the entire lot averaging 15,621 lbs. 1 2-5 oz. NOT ONE OF THESE RECORDS HAS EVER BEEN EQUALED WITH AN EQUAL NUMBER OF COWS, BY ANY HERD.

BUTTER RECORDS.

Nine cows averaged 17 lbs. 5½ oz. per week. Eight heifers 3 years old averaged 13 lbs. 4½ oz. per week. Eleven heifers 2 years old and younger averaged 10 lbs. 8 oz. per week. The above records are a sufficient guarantee of superiority. THIS IS THE CLASS OF CATTLE WITH WHICH TO FOUND A HERD.
75w13 SMITHS & POWELL,
LAKESIDE STOCK FARM SYRACUSE, N. Y.

YPSILANTI MARKETS.

[*Corrected up to the hour of Publication.*

PRICES PAID FARMERS.

FLOUR, per bbl	$ 4 25	@	6 40
" buckwheat per cwt	2 00	@	2 20
WHEAT,	75	@	80
CORN,	40	@	50
OATS, new	24	@	28
BEANS,	50	@	90
POTATOES,	25	@	
BARLEY per cwt	1 00	@	1 20
HAY, per ton	7 00	@	10 00
CLOVER SEED	4 25	@	4 75
BUCKWHEAT	40	@	50
APPLES, per bbl	2 00	@	
" per bu	40	@	50
" dried, per lb	3	@	4
BUTTER,	14	@	18
EGGS, per doz	18	@	20
CHEESE new	13	@	15
HONEY, cap	15	@	18
MAPLE SUGAR	14	@	15
LARD,	10	@	11
CHICKENS, dressed	8	@	9
" " spring	9	@	10
TURKEYS,	13	@	14
PORK, in bbls	18 00	@	20 00
TALLOW	5	@	5¼
LAMB PELTS	40	@	60
GREEN HIDES	6	@	6¼
CURED "	7	@	7½
DEACON SKINS	40	@	25
LIVE STOCK.			
SHEEP, fatted, per 100 lbs	2 75	@	3 25
HOGS, store, per lb	2½	@	2¾
" fatted	3½	@	4
" dressed per cwt	4 90	@	5 00
COWS, milch	40 00	@	70 00
" fatted per lb	3	@	4½
STEERS, medium, per lb	4	@	4½
" fatted, per lb		@	5

BOOK BINDERY.

The Holidays are Over. Now is the time to get BOUND the volumes just completed.

THE **Commercial Office BINDERY**

Is prepared to do the Best Work ever done in this city.

BOOK BINDERY.

Fairchild & Smith

Meat Market.

SAUSAGE BY STEAM.

We have put in a Steam Engine and Manufacture our Sausage by Steam.

We chalenge comparison in this and in Every Department of Meats, and the belongings of a First Class Market.

Again Hitched Horses.

The Old firm has become the New, with bright prospects, and a determination to earn, more than ever, the good opinion of patrons.

We purchase the Best and Nicest Beeves and Porkers in the market, sparing no pains to secure

HEALTHY MEATS.

Nicest Steaks, Broils, Roasts, Turkeys, Chickens, Etc.

1028 Fairchild & Smith.

THE NEW YEAR.

We are gliding down the stream of time,
Farewell to eigty-four.
As happy years we call to mind
That have gone for ever more.

Welcome new year of eighty-five
Bring health and work and treasure,
The young rejoice, the old revere
In peaceful days of pleasure.

We wish you all a good new year
Growing better as you go,
A higher life and a conscience clear
Pure like the falling snow.

And as the days, age longer grow
And every morn grows lighter.
So may our friendships wider flow,
And all our days grow brighter.

As winter's snow each sunny day
Fades in the noonday sun,
So may our sorrows fade away
And flowers and gladness come.

As ever onward glides the boat
Fast down the tide of time
May we safely o'er the breakers float
Wafted by winds divine.

The pilot guiding at the helm
Through waves and waters blue
Drifting to a glorious realm
Where all is pure and true.

And may no sudden adverse blast
Ever wreck us on the shore
As we sail serenely till the last,
Where storms will come no more.

FARMER.

From Neighboring Towns.

YPSILANTI TOWN.

Miss Jessie Everett who was teaching in the Thorn district went home to Chelsea to spend the holidays. Much to the regret of parents and pupils she was taken sick and being unable to return resigned her position.

WHITTAKER.

Born, Jan. 8, 1884, to Mr. and Mrs. John Hoover, a daughter.

Mrs. J. W. Abbott is visiting relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. Frank Deway is visiting friends near Hand Station.

RAWSONVILLE.

From the Wayne Co. Courier.

Mrs. Sarah Dickerson was arrested last Saturday at Ypsilanti, for the theft of a pair of shoes from Goodspeed's shoe shop. It appears she called at the store, looked at the shoes and concluded not to take them. Nevertheless she did take them, and being observed in the act, a policeman was notified who arrested her. She was taken back to the store and paid $6 to settle, the price of the shoes being only $2. She had $100 in her pocket at the time.

STONY CREEK.

Special services continue at the M. E. Church every evening except Saturday, a good work begun.

Rev. S. W. Pilcher, son of Dr. E. H. Pilcher, for fifteen years a missionary in China and for most of the time stationed in Peking, will spend Sunday, Jan. 18th, with Rev. E. P. Pierce, speaking Sunday morning and evening at Stony Creek and afternoon at Mooreville. He will talk of what he has seen and knows of China and missions.

URANIA.

Miss Kittie Gridley who has been visiting relatives at Urania returned home on Monday last.

Mrs. Perkins has gone to Canada to spend a few weeks with friends and relatives at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Harwood of Adrian were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Suddaby on the 11th and 12th.

The Baptist people of Saline and vicinity gave their pastor, Rev. Mr. Smith, a donation on the evening of the 13th. Mr. Smith goes to Sand Beach.

SUPERIOR.

The Sunday School connected with the Free Church will give a concert Sunday evening, Jan. 18.

The methods of raising the wind are various. Here is one. Last week a man presented an order to Mr, Wm. Dubel, upper mill, purporting to be signed by Mr. L, L. Kimmel, requesting Mr. Deubel to pay the bearer, Kimmel's hired man, $25 in cash. The man stated that Mr. Kimmel's son had died that morning and the father was sick, but that two loads of wheat would be sent up that same afternoon. Mr. Deubel had just recovered from an attack of sickness and did not give the matter the attention that he otherwise would. He gave the man some loose money and a check for the balance on Hemphill, Batchelder & Co.'s bank. A day or two after he saw the supposed deceased son in town, hale and hearty, and discovered that the order was a fraud.

ANN ARBOR.

From the Argus.

Work on the Toledo road between South Lyon and Durand, will be commenced as soon as the ground is settled in the coming spring, and pushed to a speedy completion.

The assessment of the Washtenaw Mutual Insurance Company this year, is $1.75 per thousand, a lower figure than for many years past. The company has lately had good luck.

Mr. Douglas says that the Gas Co., has made and sold more gas since the electric and incandescent lights have been put in the city, than at any time in the company's history. It appears that competition has increased local consumption of gas.

From the Democrat.

One year ago John F. Lawrence planted in creeks near here 10,000 brook trout. Within a few days they have been taken from the Huron river by a number of fishermen.

EATON'S MILLS.

Miss Effie Williams who came home from Detroit to spend the holidays with her friends has been unable to go back on account of ill health.

DIED—January 6, 1885, Mrs. Jonathan Peppiatt, of lung disease.

She leaves a husband and eight children to mourn their sad loss.

At length, then, the tenderest of mothers is gone,
Her smiles, her love accents can glad thee no more,
That once cheerful chamber is silent and lone.
And for thee all a child's precious duties are o'er.
Her welcome at morning, her blessing at night,
No longer the crown of thy comfort can be.
And the friend seen and loved since thine eyes first saw light.
Thou canst ne'er see again, thou art orphan'd like me.

SALINE.

From the Observer.

Miss Nellie Ward, of Ypsilanti, is visiting friends in Saline.

Rev. Milo Smith has accepted a call from the Baptist church at Sand Beach. He will preach his farewell sermon in Saline Sunday evening, and go to his new field of labor next week.

An interesting and somewhat peculiar suit at law took place in our quiet little hamlet last Monday. Henry Tower, of Lodi, was complainant, and Dr. Wm J. Hurdman professor of anatomy in the University of Michigan, was defendant. It appears that a few weeks ago Mr. Tower was at Ann Arbor, and wanted to see a certain man who, he was informed was at work repairing the residence of Dr. Hurdman. He went to the Dr.'s residence and seeing the man through a window, at work, and not noticing a sign over the door, to go to the back door, he opened the door without knocking, and entered. Now it appears that there was being laid a floor of very magnificent material, such as us country jades can hardly appreciate or concieve of, and Mr. Tower stepped his foot upon this floor. The Dr. told him to skip, but Mr. Tower wanted to make an apology, which the irate Dr. would not hear, but thinking Tower intoxitated, he grabbed him by the collar and assisted him into the street with main force, Mr. Tower believed that he was insulted, and he believed that he was insulted, and he swore out a warrant before Justice Webb, and caused the arrest of Dr. Hurdman, charging him with assault and battery, and ordering him to appear before the aforesaid justice and show cause why he should not be prosecuted. With A. J. Sawyer, one of the men of the Washtenaw bar, he made his apearance in Saline, Monday, ready for trial. F. E. Jones, our able young attorney appeared for the prosecution. W. H. Smith, S. D. VanDuyser, R. H. Marsh, Frank Spears, C. W. Lashier, and N. S. Skittenhelm were the jurors before whom the case was tried. The evidence adduced was very much in accordance with the above statements. Mr. Sawyer made a very able and eloquent plea for his client, but Mr. Jones outstripped him in in law, eloquence and logic, making a strong, able address, which appeared to be very convincing. The case was given to the jury, and in about half an hour a verdict was returned finding the prisoner at the bar guilty as charged. Judge Webb imposed a fine of ten dollars and costs upon him. An appeal was taken to the Circuit Court.

WILLIS STATION.

Charles Alban is home again.

Mrs. Dr. Megan was thrown from the Buggy in going from the county grange on Friday night of last week injuring her shoulder. A general lameness set in which will take some time to overcome. She was holding little Anna in her arms but the little one escaped being hurt which was almost miraculous.

Dr. Megan and wife, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Hewens, Mrs. Wise, Miss Mary Lord, Elisabeth Bordine and Yea Local and wife journeyed to Salem to attend the county grange. Arrived at 12 P. M. and found a goodly number of earnest patrons present. H. D. Platt and wife, Mrs. McDole, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Randall of Ypsilanti grange being among them. The tables were already set and a glance around the hall was enough to satisfy us that we were welcome. After dinner the W. M. called to order and the work of the day was inaugurated by opening ceremonies. Song by the choir. Welcome address by Mr. Cook of Salem grange, response by H. D. Platt. Reports from subordinate granges were listened to with pleasure. Among the essays were three that deserve special notice the one by Mrs. Smith of Salem grange, "The Dignity of Labor," was a gem of composition, deserving a place among the many good things the essayist has brought forth from the storehouse of a well disciplined mind. One by Mrs. John K. Campbell of Fraternity grange, "Then and Now," was logical from first to last in painting the picture of the pioneer and the sentences glowed with the fervor of those far off days in which the ox team and the ox cart played an important part. She eulogized those frontiersmen who felled the forests and erected homes amid the privations that hedged them in, contrasting by comparison the now with then. Her pen pictures were graphic and they evinced a cultured mind. One by Mrs. Hewens of Fraternity grange, "I shall not pass this way again," was listened to with intense interest from the opening sentence until amid the regrets of all present she closed her beautiful imagery of a well spent life by a quotation from Longfellow. Memorial services were held for sister Murray of Salem grange and among the sparkling gems of thought on that day was an essay read by Mrs. Kate Smith of Salem grange. We had always thought that words were imperfect symbols when placed in sentences to portray the depth of feeling that came to the bereaved heart, but hers was an exception, they seemed the product of a divine entity couched in forms that glowed in undying loveliness, they were many toned and as musical as the æolian harp. An original Poem by Miss Kate Cook told the story of the bereavement that had come to Salem grange and the loved ones at home. The sanctifying influence of love, the haloes of friendship and the matronly instincts that blended with her intelligence that made her home a center of earthly attraction for those that came beneath her guiding hand. The election of officers closed the program of exercises. All were provided with places who had come from a distance, the grip of the patron was emphasized by a good bye and a God bless you that liveth still.

Not a single leaf was stirring,
When the angel woke the strain
That filled my soul with rapture
By impressions on my brain,

Then I knew my friends were living
On the tented fields above,
That their present mission earthward
Was to fill my soul with love

For the author of my being
Who in wisdom laid the plan
For them to travel earthward
To reveal themselves to man.

S, P. B.

REAL ESTATE SALES.

Thos. B. Gorton to Henry Clark 80 acres sec. 3 Salem $5600.

David B. Stark to Chas. S. Stark 55 acres sec. 2 Salem $1000.

F. H. Pease to James Tibbals Ypsi. city property $2500.

Emily H. Warner, to V. H. Warner, land on sec. 34 York $300.

H. W. Everett to Cramer and Gruner, guardians, 109 acres secs. 17 and 8 Salem $5200.

James E. Rogers to Seymour Combs land in Saline $1030.

Candice Southworth to Seth Southworth 170 rods sec. 7 Augusta $175.

Local Continued.

The legislative committees who will look to the interests of the Normal School are; Senate: S. W. Smith, Austin and Hueston, House: Brown, Beekman, Eldred, Hammond, and Conrad.

Says Legate in regard to the rascally attempt to make him implicate St. John in a bargain and sale:

"I say now that so far as St. John is concerned in all those transactions the Virgin Mary is not purer than he."

The violin solo by Mr. Benj. Faeder was a surprise to all. In the polonaise opus 21, by Wienmawski, Mr. Faeder gave a treat quite unexpected. He has a broad style, a pure technique and a very broad tone, to which he adds an expression which attracts the attention of his auditors and holds it through the delivery of the number essayed. Seldom does one see that earnest attention which Mr. Faeder's playing elicited. A most enthusiastic encore was responded to in the delivery of a most beautiful yet plaintive little melody, betraying those attributes of expression which are the life of art. Detroit can now boast of having heard a virtuoso of violin playing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Ben Faeder is undoubtedly the best violin player we have ever heard.—*Daily Herald, Albany, N. Y.*

The following are the officers of the Bohemian Oat Co., with headquarters for 1885 at Ypsilanti:

Anton Fisher, President, Milan, O.; Abram Gorsline, Vice-President, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Thad. Rowland, Treasurer, Oberlin, O.; Daniel Rounds, Secretary, Rawsonville, Mich.; W. A. Farmer, Superintendent, Milan, O.; J. M. Orcutt, General Agent, Milan, Mich.

Directors: Daniel Rounds, Rawsonville, Mich.; J. M. Orcutt, Milan, Mich.; W. A. Farmer, Milan, O.

Delegates: Joseph Gauntlett, Milan, Mich; Fred Graves, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Byron Smith, Milan, Mich.; Hiram Heath, Dundee, Mich.; Francis Miller, Dundee, Mich.

General Delegates: Samuel Earing, Bellville, Mich.; C. M. Blackmer, Milan Mich.

All oats must be sold at $10.00 a bushel, $7.50 goes to the raiser of the oats and 2.50 to the company. Only fifteen parties in any one town can secure the oats for the current year, and for only one year to any one farmer not less than five or more than fifty bushels. When one town is furnished with seed and the oats harvested the company moves on to the next town or towns.

The Port Huron Commercial books up thirty-six residents of that city, formerly residents of Washtenaw county. Among them we notice Gen. Hartsuff. The following were formerly Ypsilantians:

Harry Traver, who lived in Port Huron many years and was buried here December 10th last, hailed from Ypsilanti, where he also passed his last days on earth.

Dr. T. S. Murdock, who used to be in partnership with Dr. C. M. Stockwell long years ago in Port Huron, is now a resident of Indianapolis. He was a Washtenaw county man.

Walter T. Busby and Chas. E. Busby, of Fort Gratiot, and their sister Mrs. John Chambers, of this city, are Washtenaw county people.

B. C. Bedell, who did a sewing machine business in Port Huron, but now represents his company in Bay City, hails from Washtenaw county, where Bedell is an old and well established family name.

C. J. Rathfon lived in the township of Pittsfield, Washtenaw county, in 1865 and where his father has lived for twenty-five years. From there Clint came to Port Huron, where he has since been married and has one child. He is interested in the Wolverine Dry Dock with the Stewart estate and Alex. Stewart, and is doing a large business. Although a republican he reads the Commercial and is one of its friends.

THE VALIANT 200,000.

In his Thanksgiving sermon, Rev. Mr. Grannis truthfully spoke of the Prohibition party "as born of a right to exist and righteously did they cast their ballots directly for what they desired to have done"

"They threw their ballots boldly upon the enemies works like:

"A light brigade
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the 200,000."

It is no exageration to say that

"Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Volleyed and thundered."

And alas! Most destructive volleys came.

SEMINARY ITEMS.

The Juniors and Seniors have commenced "The Merchant of Venice," for general exercises.

We omitted to mention the meeting of the Science Association Wednesday evening of last week. The subject was physiology.

Friday evening Prof. Volland was agreeably surprised by a party of the juniors, seniors and teachers of the high school, together with some of the former graduates. He was equally surprised when Supt. Putnam, in behalf of those present, presented him with a beautiful easy chair. He feelingly responded. Refreshments were served in the course of the evening and a very enjoyable time was had.

OFFICERS ELECT, FOR 1885, OF THE FOLLOWING ORGANIZATIONS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Pres.—D. L. Quirk.
V. Pres.—L. A. Barnes.
Cashier,—W. L. Pack.
Directors,—D. L. Quirk, L. A. Barnes, E. F. Uhl, S. H. Dodge, Chas. King, C. S. Wortley.

HIGHLAND CEMETERY.

Pres.—Thos. Ninde.
Clerk—F. K. Rexford.
Treas.—D. L. Quirk.
Trustees—Thos. Ninde, D. L. Quirk, Chas. King, C. S. Wortley, Philo Ferrier, F. K. Rexford, F. P. Bogardus, H. M. Curtis, S. H. Dodge.

YPSILANTI GAS COMPANY.

Pres.—D. L. Quirk.
Sec. & Treas.—C. S. Wortley.
Stock-holders—D. L. Quirk, Thos. Ninde, Chas. King, C. S. Wortley, S. H. Dodge.

PERSONALS.

Dr. Oakley and family left for Florida Friday.

Mr. T. C. Owen is at Chicago attending to his manufacturing interests.

Mr. S. C. Hamlin is sojourning in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Mt. Auburn. "On Prohibition heights."

Hon. Geo. L. Foote, ex-Legislator spent this week at Battle Creek.

Miss Lucy Jenness is visiting relatives in Saginaw.

Clarence Bray and Bert Heartt left Monday for Florida to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Leach left Thursday to spend the winter in Georgia.

At the earnest solicitation of her many friends and former pupils, Miss Flora Stewart has resumed her music teaching in Dexter.—*Dexter Leader.*

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Grout from Kirkland, Ill. are here to try the virtues of the mineral waters for the benefit of Mrs. G. at Dr. Hall's sanitarium.

Mrs. Walter Pack returned Saturday from Chicago where she has been making a three week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Younglove.

The ex-pastor of the Baptist church is delighted with his work. He is just man that is happy when his hands and heart are full: We quote:

Rev. J. Sunderland, writes a Minnesota correspondent of the Examiner, "is now out upon his second missionary tour. He brings large experience, and as we believe, great wisdom and energy to the work. His address is 158 Arundel street, St. Paul. He has come none too soon. The great emergency that is upon the Home Mission Society almost paralyzes our work."

MARRIED.

BIDDLE—WALLACE.—At the M. E. parsonage in Ypsilanti, Mich., Jan. 14, 1885, by Rev. Isaac E. Springer, MR. ELWOOD BIDDLE and MISS LILLIE J. WALLACE, both of Saline.

McFALL—ADAMS.—At the M. E. parsonage in Ypsilanti, Mich., Jan. 8, 1885, by Rev. Isaac E. Springer, MR. FRANK H. McFALL and MISS CORA E. ADAMS, both of Ypsilanti.

Have a home of your own somewhere. Buy a piece of land and own it. Buy it with the determination to keep it as long as you live and leave to your heirs.—*Western World.*

Fred S. Davis will refund the price paid if Acker's Blood Elixir does not relieve any disorder. A new, but thoroughly tested discovery. 5

From all parts of the South reports come of a noticeable improvement in trade and manfactures, and we think it quite probable that, with the opening of the new year, business will become still more active in that section.—*Baltimore Manufacturer's Record.*

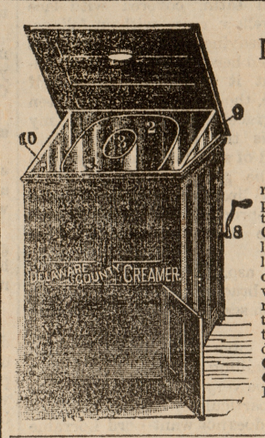
Hale's Honey the great Cough cure, 25c., 50c. & $1
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals & beautifies, 25c.
German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black and Brown, 50c.
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c
Dean's Rheumatic Pills are a sure cure, 50c.

NO POISON
IN THE PASTRY
IF
DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS
ARE USED.
Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., flavor Cakes, Creams, Puddings, &c., as delicately and naturally as the fruit from which they are made.
For Strength and True Fruit Flavor They Stand Alone.
PREPARED BY THE
Price Baking Powder Co.,
Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.
MAKERS OF
Dr. Prices Cream Baking Powder
—AND—
Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems,
Best Dry Hop Yeast.
FOR SALE BY GROCERS.
WE MAKE BUT ONE QUALITY.

LIGHT HEALTHY BREAD.
DR. PRICE'S LUPULIN YEAST GEMS.
The best dry hop yeast in the world.
Bread raised by this yeast is light, white and wholesome like our grandmother's delicious bread.
GROCERS SELL THEM.
PREPARED BY THE
Price Baking Powder Co.,
Man'f'rs of Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts,
Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.

RED STAR
TRADE RED STAR MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely
Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE
For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.
Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

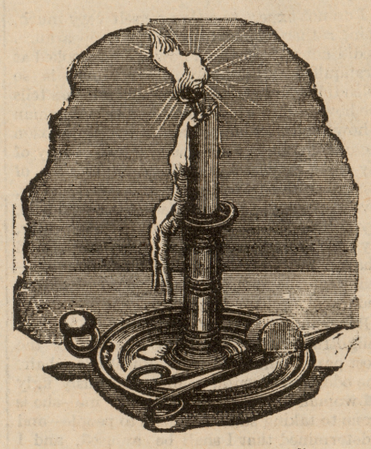
NORTHERN PACIFIC
R. R. LANDS
In Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.
From Lake Superior to Puget Sound,
At prices ranging chiefly from $2 to $6 per acre, on 5 to 10 years' time. This is the Best Country for securing Good Homes now open for settlement.
FREE 320 acres of Government Land Free under the Homestead and Timber Culture Laws. NOTE—10,818,433 Acres OR MORE THAN HALF of all the Public Lands disposed of in 1883, were in the Northern Pacific country. Books and Maps sent FREE, describing the Northern Pacific Country, the Railroad Lands for Sale and the FREE Government Lands. Address, CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Com'r, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.
1085m3.



DELAWARE COUNTY CREAMER.
We give the readers of this paper an opportunity to get a Creamer very low. To get the low offer write at once, as this advertisement is to run but a short time. Mention this paper. Address, DELAWARE COUNTY CREAMER COMPANY, Benton Harbor, Mich.
85w4

DO YOU KNOW
THAT
LORILLARD'S CLIMAX
PLUG TOBACCO,
With Red Tin Tag, is the best? Is the purest; is never adulterated with glucose, barytes, molasses, or any deleterious ingredients, as is the case with many other tobaccos.
LORILLARD'S ROSE LEAF FINE CUT TOBACCO
is also made of the finest stock, and for aromatic chewing quality is second to none
LORILLARD'S NAVY CLIPPINGS
take first rank as a solid durable smoking tobacco wherever introduced.
LORILLARD'S FAMOUS SNUFFS
have been used for over 124 years, and are sold to a larger extent than any other. 1065y1

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1885
INVALUABLE TO ALL!
Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower SEEDS, BULBS, etc.
D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, Mich.
1085w6


"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."
WHITE SEAL BURNING OIL.
The New York Board of Health estimates that 30,000 lives have been destroyed by the explosive qualities of petroleum. If every household would adopt the White Seal oil for family use, none of these unfortunate accidents would occur.
WHITE SEAL BURNING OIL
has none of the defects usually found in common oils. It cannot be exploded, does not char the wick, will not smoke, emits no offensive odor, and prevents the breaking of Chimneys.
WHITE SEAL BURNING OIL
is a rich oil for illuminating purposes. It is as light in color as pure spring water. It gives a strong, steady light, and burns much longer than common oils.
If this oil is not sold in your vicinity, send your order direct to us for a barrel, or a case containing two five gallon cans.
BROOKS OIL CO.,
55 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
114 and 115 South St., New York.
1083y1

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, SS.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-second day of December, A. D., 1884, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Samuel B. Read, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the twenty-second day of June, next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the twenty-third day of March, and on Monday the twenty-second day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, December 22nd, A. D. 1884.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

1084w5.

Travelers' Guide.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

The Niagara Falls Route.

TIME TABLE, NOV. 16, 1884.

All Trains run by Ninetieth Meridian or Central Standard Time.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	* Mail.	* Day Express	* G'd Rap. & Kal. Ex.	*Jackson Express	‡ Evening Expres	† Pacific Express
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Buffalo Lv	9 40	12 30	7 35		7 15	12 30
	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Detroit	6 30	9 00	4 00	6 00	8 00	9 00
Springwells	6 40	9 10	4 10	6 12	8 10	9 10
Wayne Junc	7 15	9 38	4 38	6 44	8 40	9 40
Denton's	7 30	-----	-----	6 58	-----	-----
Ypsilanti	7 42	9 57	4 58	7 07	9 03	10 02
Ann Arbor	8 00	10 12	5 12	7 23	9 20	10 16
Jackson	9 38	11 30	6 50	8 50	10 35	11 55
	P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.
Kalamazoo	12 03	1 45	9 40		1 07	2 27
Chicago ....Ar	5 45	6 50	-----		7 30	7 55

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	* Mail.	* Day Express	† N. Y. & Lim. Ex.	*Jackson Accom.	† Atlantic Express	‡ Night Express	*Gr. R. & D. Exp'ss
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		P. M	P. M.	A. M.
Chicago--Lv	6 45	8 55	4 15		8 40	10 30	-----
	P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.	
Kalamazoo	12 03	1 45	8 10		1 00	3 35	6 45
				A. M.			
Jackson	3 05	4 03	10 00	7 00	3 25	5 55	9 18
Ann Arbor	4 32	5 12	10 54	8 23	4 35	7 12	10 33
Ypsilanti	4 50	5 25	11 07	8 43	4 52	7 28	10 47
Denton's	5 00	-----	-----	8 54	-----	-----	-----
WayneJunc	5 15	5 46	-----	9 10	5 15	7 50	11 07
Springwells	5 55	6 15	11 50	9 50	5 45	8 20	11 35
Detroit	6 05	6 25	11 59	10 00	5 55	8 30	11 45
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Buffalo Ar		4 40	8 50		4 10	8 35	

* Sunday excepted. † Daily. ‡ Except Saturday

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Ag't, Chicago. B. M. DAMON, Station Agent, Ypsi.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R.—YPSILANTI BRANCH.

FROM YPSILANTI. Way Ft.	Ex & Mail.		STATIONS. Leave. Arrive.		Ex & Mail.	TO YPSILANTI. Way Ft.
A. M.	A.M.				P.M.	P. M.
6 32	8 47	-----	----Ypsilanti---	-----	5 12	4 47
6 57	9 06	-----	----Pittsfield---	-----	4 55	4 12
7 27	9 17	-----	-----Saline-----	-----	4 43	3 42
8 32	9 55	-----	--Manchester--	-----	4 11	2 22
P. M.						A. M.
3 30	11 37	-----	---Hillsdale----	-----	2 42	7 32
	P. M.				M. A.	
-----	7 31	-----	Ar Chicago Dp	-----	7 26	-----
-----	5 07	-----	Ar Toledo Dp	-----	10 37	-----
-----	9 42	-----	Ar Cleveland Dp	-----	6 32	-----
	A. M.					
-----	3 31	-----	Ar Buffalo Dp	-----	12 01	-----

All trains run by new standard, 90th meridian time which is 28 minutes slower than Ypsilanti time.

Way Freight from Ypsilanti will run Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays.

Way Freight to Ypsilanti will run Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

All other trains run daily except Sunday.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.
Detroit & Butler Division.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Mail *	Ex. ¶	Ex. ¶	Way ft *
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Detroit	9 10	3 30	9 15	6 35
Belleville	10 03	4 11	10 05	8 35
Willis	10 14	4 17	10 15	9 20
Whittaker	10 20	4 23	10 25	9 35
Milan	10 31	4 32	10 32	10 55
				P. M.
Adrian	11 21	5 14	11 15	1 05
	P. M.		A. M	
Butler	1 07	7 00	1 08	5 55

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Ex. ¶	Mail *	Ex. ¶	way ft *
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Butler	8 25	2 45	2 30	5 00
				P. M.
Adrian	10 05	4 29	4 13	12 25
Milan	10 50	5 08	4 52	3 10
Whittaker	10 57	5 17	5 01	3 30
Willis	11 03	5 24	5 07	3 55
Belleville	11 11	5 33	5 15	4 19
Detroit	11 55	6 20	6 00	6 20

* Except Sunday. ¶ Daily.

GEO. W. STEVENS, Division Sup't.

TOLEDO, ANN ARBOR & GRAND TRUNK RAILROAD.

Time table taking effect June 22, 1884.

ALL TRAINS RUN BY TOLEDO TIME.

GOING NORTH. Pas.	Ex. Pas.	Mail Pas.	STATIONS.		Ex. Pas.	Mail Pas.	GOING SOUTH Pas.
	P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.	
	5 25	7 05	LV---Toledo---AR		9 30	4 55	
	6 46	9 03	----- Milan -----		8 06	3 22	
	6 51	9 09	------Nora ------		7 59	3 17	
	6 58	9 22	-----Urania-----		7 52	3 10	
	7 07	9 32	----Pittsfield ----		7 40	3 02	
	7 20	9 50	---Ann Arbor---		7 27	2 49	
	8 00	10 35	AR South Lyon LV		6 50	2 10	

W. H. BENNETT, Gen'l Pas. Agent. H. W. ASHLEY, General Supt

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, SS.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-second day of December A. D. 1884, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Edith Sherwood, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the twenty-second day of June next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Monday, the twenty-third day of March and on Monday, the twenty second day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, December 22nd, 1884.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

1084w5

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, SS.

In the matter of the estate of Hannah C. Hendrick deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned Edmund Hendrick, administrator of the estate of said Hannah C. Hendrick deceased by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Washtenaw, on the twelfth day of December, A. D. 1884, there will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the East outer door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, in the County of Washtenaw, in said State, on Monday the ninth day of February A. D. 1885 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of the death of said deceased) the following described Real Estate, to-wit: Beginning at the Southwest Corner of the Northwest quarter of the Soutwest quarter of section three in Township three South of range seven East in the State of Michigan, and running thence North along the line between sections three and four, four (4) chains; thence East parallel to the half quarter line two chains and fifty links; thence South parallel to the section line four chains to the half quarter line; thence West to the place of beginning, containing one acre of land. All in the City of Ypsilanti, Washtenaw County, Michigan.

Dated, Dec. 15th, 1884. EDMUND HENDRICK, Administrator.

YOU ARE A LIAR
Lying Agents can't SELL and tell the truth about JONES. Put your lies on paper and sign if you dare.
U. S. STANDARD
$60. 5 TON
WAGON SCALES.
Beam Box. Tare Beam. Freight Paid. Free Price List. Every Size. address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
1086y1.

PRINCESS CHARMIAN

By ALISON.

CHAPTER VI.

LORD LORRAINE does not come to Tranquilla next day, nor the day following, nor the day after that.

Charmian has never mentioned his name to me since that day when she had told me that their engagement was broken off—never says a single word about him, good or bad. Her manner is as gay as ever; she laughs and sings, and seems in the maddest spirits always, full of wild pranks, which make Pleasant Owens raise her hands and eyes in horrified astonishment.

But I know that she is putting some powerful restraint upon herself all the time, that her gayety is forced, that she is eaten up by a terrible dread—it looks at me sometimes out of her great bright eyes, even when her lips are smiling—a great devouring fear that Lord Lorraine may have been in earnest, and that he is not coming to Tranquilla any more.

We are amusing ourselves in the lobby on the fourth day. I am curled up on the great old lounge, with a book in my hand. Charmian is at the organ, Jack standing beside her. We have not seen Jack very often since, either because of what Charmian said to him under the horse-chestnut tree or because we have not been so much in the garden—Charmian seems to like sitting in the wide cool lobby better. The great bay-window over the porch affords the best view up the long dusty elm-shaded road by which Lord Lorraine must come to Tranquilla, if he comes at all.

Charmian is singing; her voice brings me back from the "Casa Guidi Windows" to listen to the words of the quaint madrigal which I do not remember to have heard her sing before—

"Who shall win my lady fair
When the leaves are green?
Who but I shall win my lady fair
When the leaves are green?
Say who. Not you? Why so! No, no!
The bravest man that best love can
Shall win my lady fair;
He shall marry my lady when the leaves are green."

"Do you like it?" she asks of Jack, turning her head to look up at him.

"Not much," Jack answers, shrugging his shoulders.

"I like it," Charmian says. "It is quaint and queer and gruesome. It has been ringing in my ears all day long.

"'Will you bury my lady fair
When the leaves are green?
I will not bury my lady fair
When the leaves are green.
Say who. Will you? No, no! Why so?
I'd rather marry my lady fair,
E'en though the trees were bare,
She shall marry a proper man;
He shall marry my lady when the leaves are green.'"

"I don't understand it," Jack says, when it is finished.

"No," Charmian answers, turning over her music carelessly.

If I could paint them, what a picture I might make! The old fashioned organ with its burnished pipes, the slim girlish figure sitting before it in that long dull red gown, Jack's fair head and earnest face contrasting with the dark, laughing, vivid beauty of hers, seen in profile, the quaint gothic bench on which she is sitting, the tiger skin on the polished floor—it is a picture ready made.

"I am going back to London to-morrow," Charmian says presently, lowering her voice a little. "Aunt Purefoy has come back to Earl's Gate Place."

"To-morrow," Jack echoes tragically.

"Yes, to morrow. I have grown tired of this place—sick to death of it. I think another week would drive me mad."

"I am not surprised. My only wonder is how you endured it so long."

"Oh, one might live here forever if one were happy! But the sunshine and the silence are insufferable if one is anxious about anything, or—expecting anything to happen."

"She has risen from the organ and crossed the floor to the deep porch window, her long gown sweeping softly behind her, her hands clasped together at the back of her neck. She seems to have wandered into the window aimlessly; but I know what has taken her thither, and why she looks so intently upon the long white road.

"I hope you will be happy, wherever you are," Jack says folornly. He has followed her to the window. "We could not expect to be anything to you, who have all the world at your feet. But we can never forget what you have been to us, how happy you have made this summer. What do you think Tranquilla will be when you have gone away?"

If by "us" he means himself and me, I wish he would not include me in his lament.

"Very much what it was before I came, I hope," Charmian answers, laughing slightly.

"You think I shall forget you?" Jack asks, in a lower tone.

"I am very sure of it," she says carelessly, her eyes still on the curve of elm-shaded road below and beyond them.

His answer is spoken in so low a tone that I cannot catch the words. Not that I want to hear them—I can guess what they are, for the matter of that. I know Charmian thinks that Jack and I will fall into our old relations with each other when she is gone, that he will forget his foolish fancy for her and return to his old boy's allegiance. But she does not know Susan Coventry if she thinks that can ever be. I am sorry for Jack, and I hope he will get over his heart-ache. But he can never be my lover again, not if the fulfillment of Pleasant's most rancorous threat is the consequence, and I live and die an "old maid."

"Charmian," I say to her, after Jack has gone away, "are you really going back to London to-morrow?"

"Why do you ask?" she inquires, without looking round. She has been playing fragments of old masses and curious Latin hymns from memory—grand solemn music she had heard in the churches abroad. But she has wandered restlessly into the window again, and is kneeling there when I speak to her, with her elbows on the sill and her chin in her hands.

"I heard you tell Jack—just now."

"Yes. Aunt Purefoy is to send the carriage for me. I did not want you to know till the last moment."

"Oh, Charmian, what is to become of me when you are gone?"

I fling myself on my knees beside her, bursting into a passion of tears.

"You little silly child!" she says, putting her arm around me very tenderly. "It will be better for you—in many ways—when I am gone."

"I shall die of grief when you are gone."

She smiles, though I am sobbing passionately, looking away from me up the long quiet road.

"Die!" she repeats, with the old shrug. "My dear, I don't believe people ever die of grief. I don't believe it."

"But they must die when they don't care to live."

"Must they?" she says softly. And then, as if the words haunted her, she begins to sing softly—

"Will you bury my lady fair
When the leaves are g[illegible]?"

* * * * *

She is gone. And my father laughs at my forlorn face, and reminds of the day, not so very long ago, when he prophesied that, sorry as I was to have Charmian come to Tranquilla, I should be still more sorry when the day came when she must go.

* * * * *

She has come for me in Mrs. Purefoy's carriage—I am to spend a week with her at Earl's Gate Place. Pleasant is packing my clothes under protest, but my father has taken pity on my loneliness, and given me leave to go. And my princess looks radiant. Lord Lorraine has forgiven her—came to Earl's Gate Place yesterday and found her alone in the drawing room, and held out his hand to her without even asking her to say she was sorry. And I can see what it must have been to her when she thought she had lost him by the divine happiness which shines in her eyes now that she has found him again.

* * * * * *

"My dear Susan, your artlessness has the effect of the highest art, or else that prim old Pleasant Owens knows what suits you better than you know yourself."

I have come to Charmian's room to tell her that I have nothing fit to wear for dinner, that my scanty white muslin frock is the best that Pleasant has provided, and that I am sure Mrs. Purefoy and her guests will laugh at me, and fancy I am aping simplicity—a grown-up young woman of seventeen and dressed like a child!

"If you will only let me dine up stairs, Charmian, or not ask me to eat any dinner at all, I could make myself so much less conspicuous in the drawing-room afterward."

"My dear Susan, you look delicious, exactly like the quaint pictures every one is raving about now. You would make a charming Little Miss Muffet; you want only the curds and whey and the tuffet, whatever that may be. Look here—will you tie up these flowers for me? Jeannette has no more idea of arranging a boquet than the man in the moon. But don't tie them up with a broken straw."

I ask no more congenial employment. And while f put the yellow roses together I look at my princess, and forget my own shortcomings in delighted admiration of her.

It is the first time I have ever seen her in evening dress. Her gown is of the palest buttercup-colored satin, covered with lace and trails of yellow roses without foliage, closely fitting, leaving the neck and arms bare, falling round her feet in lustrous, billowy folds. But it is not the dress itself which dazzles me, though I have never seen such an ideally graceful garment in all my life before. It is the face with its vivid beauty, the cloud of soft dark hair above the dusky brows, the glad musing smile which curves the the red lips, the happy light in the great soft velvet-brown eyes. My princesss looks as if all the world were made for her to-night..

"Is this your asp, Charmian?" I have lifted one of her bracelets from the table, a snake with golden scales and great glittering diamond eyes.

"Lady Louisa gave it to me," Charmian answers, with a smiling glance at it. "I don't think she would be very sorry if it could bite me. She is not particularly fond of me."

"I suppose she does not want Lord Lorraine to marry you."

"Certainly she does not want him to marry me."

"I mean she would rather he did not marry anybody."

"Oh, I don't know about that! She never liked me—had an idea that I was something of a Bohemian, though I don't think she knows exrctly what that means;" and Charmian shrugs her shoulders. "But she never approved of my bringing-up generally—nor of me."

"What a disagreeable person she must be!"

"On the contrary, she is most agreeable," Charmian laughs, turning to take her bouquet of yellow roses out of my hand.

"You don't care whether she likes you or not, do you?"

"Not I!" Charmian says, gathering her billowy train over her arm. "Though who is it that says, 'Men defer insensibly to the opinions of their own kith and kin'?"

She laughs as she says it—I cannot think Louisa Purefoy's disapprobation troubles her very much.

"But you must wear some flowers, Susan. Here—these will suit you exactly; and they grew at Tranquilla too."

She fastens two or three white buds of the perpetual moss-rose into the front of my dress, and then she kisses me in the exuberance of her happiness.

"You will see your cousin Dudley Probyn here to-night," she tells me, as we go down the broad, splendid staircase together, "and my friend Lady Louisa, and a host of other celebrities. I hope you will enjoy yourself, ma petite."

I do not expect to enjoy myself very much, being rather troubled about my appearance. It did not matter much how people looked at Tranquilla. But here everything is so splendid. Every huge mirror we pass tells me how insignificant I look beside Charmian—how colorless my hair and complexion seem, compared with the glorious beauty of my princess, with her rich robe and air of conscious self-possession, and soft, dark, lovely, happy, radiant face! I am so pale, my hair is of such an odd silver-flaxen color, my eyes are of so light a gray—how could Charmian ever wish to be as fair as I am—beautiful Charmian, with her damask cheeks and darkly-golden long-lashed eyes?"

But, contrary to my expectations, I spent a delightful evening, though I spent it for the most part behind old Mrs. Purefoy's chair. The odd, clever, entertaining, hideously ugly old woman had taken a fancy to me—she is prone to taking sudden fancies to people—and is determined that I shall be amused, and I am amused. Everybody worth listening to comes up to speak to her at some time or other. I find my retreat behind her chair a coign of vantage from which I can hear and see everything without being obliged to do violence to my cherished shyness, and where I hope nobody notices my funny short-waisted gown and sandaled shoes.

The great rooms were crowded with people—clever people, odd people, pretty people—with people whose names, as excelling in some art or science, have been familiar to me all my life. Artists, poets, painters, musicians, literary men, diplomatists, swarthy foreigners in the costumes of their country—all pass in review before me, and to each and all the wonderful old woman beside me has something keen, or clever, or sarcastic, or witty, to say. At first the scene is so novel that it bewilders me. But by degrees I grow accustomed to the hum of conversation, to the lights and music, to the ceaseless stream of strange faces and dresses of every color in the rainbow; and then I begin to distinguish people, to recognize some of the celebrities by the pictures I have seen of them, and several times Mrs. Purefoy turns round to point out some famous person that I had seen whom she thinks I should like to know.

Whenever I can see Charmian I feel happy, though it is not very often—she is always surrounded by such a crowd of men. She passes close to me once or twice with Lord Lorraine, but she has eyes for no one else when he is with her, and it contents me only to look at her when she has that radiantly happy smile on her face. He looks trim and neat in his simple somber evening dress, though he does not embody my idea of a "belted earl" any more than he embodied it in tall hat and frock coat at Tranquilla. I do not like his sallow face, with that blue, clean-shaven shadow about the thin lips, nor the keen dark eyes deep-sunken under the square forehead, nor the formally-brushed dark hair and whiskers, nor even the smile with which he answers Charmian when she speaks to him. It is a puzzle to me how she can care for him, for, simple as I am, I can see that he does not love her in the whole-souled way in which she loves him.

My cousin Dudley Probyn comes up to speak to me, looking very jolly and sunburnt after his trip to China. He tells me he would scarcely have known me, I have grown so tall since he saw me last. But all the time he is speaking to me he is looking at Charmian, who is the center of a little galaxy of admirers about half a dozen yards away, and, descrying a vacancy in the charmed circle, presently he slips into it; and my bosom heaves slightly under my muslin gown as I think how little anybody cares for me when Charmian is present—even my own cousin, whom I have not seen for two years, leaves me in the middle of a sentence for the mere chance of a word from her!

Lord Lorraine is talking to his aunt when I look around again, and, after a few minutes, he asks me if I should not like to make a tour of the rooms with him—I must be tired of standing so long in one place. I would much rather be left in peace behind Mrs. Purefoy's chair; but, in her sharp peremptory way, she tells me not to be silly, and I am obliged to go.

He makes himself very pleasant, telling me who everybody is, in his quiet formal way; but I am glad when his tour is over and he allows me to slip into my dear corner again. Charmian is still in our neighborhood, talking to Dudley Probyn, whose handsome brown face is full of admiration as he looks at her. His look reminds me of Jack—poor Jack, whose wings have been singed by those same wonderful eyes!

"She is indeed—exceedingly pretty."

"And the best of it is that the child thinks herself positively ugly!"

"Is it possible?"

I look round. Mrs. Purefoy is sitting with her back to me; but the lady to whom she is speaking is looking straight at me. And yet it cannot be of me they are speaking nor of Charmian, though the first sentence led me to think that it was of her.

"My dear," Mrs. Purefoy says, turning to me," "Lady Louisa Purefoy wants to make your acquaintance. Yes, this is little Susan Coventry."

And the sallow dark-haired woman in black satin and pearls is Lady Louisa Purefoy.

"You are like your grandmother, Miss Coventry," she remarks, shaking hands with me affably, and all the time looking hard at me with her bright black eyes.

"And your grandmother Probyn was a great beauty, my dear!" Mrs. Purefoy laughs, nodding her ridiculous old head, with its feathers and lappets.

"You will spoil the child, aunt Anne!"

"Nonsense, my dear! Wasn't it Madame de Girardin who said that it was a woman's duty to look pretty? Susan Coventry is pretty, and, if she doesn't know it now, there will be plenty of people to tell her so—by and by."

Lady Louisa Purefoy laughs a little, but there is no spontaneity about her laughter or her graceful manner. Even if I had not been prejudiced against her for Charmian's sake, I could never have liked her. There is something hard about her cold black eyes—something intensely disagreeable to me even in the faultless intonations of her voice. And she is very like her brother, which would have been enough to make me dislike her if there had been nothing else.

"Talking of pretty people," old Mrs. Purefoy says, nodding again, "how do you think Charmian looks to-night?"

Lady Louisa glances at Charmian, and nothing could have been more coldly disapproving than that cursory glance.

"I never admired Charmian," she say icily, and turns to another subject.

Lord Lorraine hears her, standing close to her elbow, talking to a foreign-looking young man, who wears his mustache carefully pointed, like the late Emperor of the French, and he, too, glances at Charmian. And I can see something of the same disapproval in his keen dark eyes as he looks at the girl who loves him with all the depth and strength of her ardent nature, and who, even as he looks at her, impelled as it were by some strange sympathy, raises her eyes to meet his with a radiant smile.

Later on in the evening Mrs. Purefoy introduces the same grave-looking Frenchman to me as the Count de Roquencourt and a particular friend of hers, at which the grave-faced young foreigner smiles. He remains talking to me a long time in very excellent English, though with a foreign accent; and, even when he goes away, I find him looking at me across the crowd with those dark melancholy eyes of his, which would have surprized me a little if I had not been so entirely wrapped up in other things.

"He is very rich," Mrs. Purefoy tells me, nodding her head till her scarlet feathers dance again. "But he is a kind of refugee—his politics won't allow him to live in France just at present. And it makes him unhappy, because he loves his country—and it makes me unhappy, because I am very fond of him. His father was an old beau of mine, Susan Coventry—when I was your age, I was desperately in love with Camille de Roquencourt. But you are not to fall in love with this Camille de Roquencourt. Remember that."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, CRAMP and Colic there is no remedy superior to the genuine Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

AT THE HOTEL DESK.

THE OMNISCIENT FUNCTIONARY IN AUTHORITY THERE.

The Roles a Hotel Clerk Has to Fill and the Rules He Has to Follow—Detective and Actor — A Case in Point.

[New York Herald.]

A hotel clerk's daily experience is like a leaf from a romance or a police blotter. Every variety of people pass under his scrutiny. He has to discriminate on the instant between the chaff and the wheat, and determine at a glance whether the seedy old party with the sun-browned face is a millionaire, or the natty young swell an impostor. He must make up his mind without delay if the "ladies" affixed to the names of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson in the register are really Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Robinson. He must determine whether the weighty trunk is freighted with stones or the light valise has anything in it. He must learn at once if "Col." or "Gen." or "Hon." So-and-So, who have just come in with a lack of baggage, which is only moderately atoned for by chirographical dash and a fascinating melody of "the gab," are to be permitted to remain through the week or are to be tolerated only on a C. O. D. basis. All these things the hotel clerk must weigh and pass upon without inquiry or reflection.

And then, thronging upon him, a thousand other questions that appeal as directly to his judgment and experience. Here are a family coming down by the elevator who want to start right away for Chicago and must know at once just when and just how they should go. The young man with the favor in his buttonhole has his new made bride in the parlor and is awaiting a suggestion about the nicest theatre, what is played and paid there, and where is the best place to sit. The trio of bluff, loud laughing mortals at the counter are awaiting a tip on an itinerary of the town, and the two youths with the insolvent mustaches are inquiring the proper ingredients for satisfactorily frescoing the metropolis in an essentially lurid way.

In addition are a hundred inquiries about business, finance, the market, differences of time, latitude and longitude, the price of bonnets and bouquets, the inadequacy of room No. 469 on the upper floor, and the impaired light of room 16 on the lower floor, the absence of the chambermaid, the insolence of the bell-boy, the expansive charges, the lack of facilities—all come pouring in over the counter like a flood; but staunch and all undismayed by the onset, with his perpetual smile on his lips and his solitaire beaming its refulgence upon the wide deluge of interrogations, the hotel clerk stands, never overpowered and never disconcerted. Such a man one could well believe must have the wide diversity of knowledge possessed by an encyclopedia and the control of temper required to pass with flying colors through an eight-round glove fight.

He has both.

"It's a part of the business," said a downtown hotel clerk to a reporter, "to get posted on everything. Most of us have not a great deal of school education. But we read the papers closely, and, above all, we listen. Would you believe it? A big percentage of the business of the country is done at the hotel counter. All sorts meet there—merchants, politicians, professional men. Each has his hobby and nowhere else he ventilates it more. As a result, any man with average ears and ordinary understanding, who is a hotel clerk long must become educated. He may not be up on ancient history or the dead languages, although he has a shy at them now and then too, but on all subjects that concern everyday people he has the biggest opportunities to be well informed."

"Hasn't he to study human nature closely?"

"More than any other class—more than the detective or the actor. It is his constant study, and indeed he has to play the detective and the actor more than you would suppose. You see the city is beset with hotel beats. The clerk has to spot them when they appear. If they were shabby looking fellows or had worked the route before, of course it would be easy enough to mark them and fire them as soon as they appear. But hotel beats are not that kind of cattle. They are always dressed in the best. Sometimes they come up with a coach and a big show of finery. That's the most dangerous kind. Those fellows will wait for their remittances till you're cleaned out of house and home. Well, the hotel clerk's business is to be equal to those fellows with all their devices and to penetrate every disguise or subterfuge behind which roguery may hide itself."

"Any other detective work?"

"Of course? Spotting offenders. Guests wouldn't be comfortable with sneak thieves in the next room or burglars in the same corridor. Pickpockets are generally held to be undesirable in the ladies' parlor and the dining room. The hotel clerk has to single out professionals of whatever class and bar them out. Then in spite of precaution thefts sometimes occur in a hotel. Where the orders are obeyed and the valuables are disposed in the safe they are rare. But somehow you can't get people to carry out these directions closely. The result is that something disappears. The clerk is the first to hear of it. If there is a hotel detective in the house of course he takes the matter in hand. If not, the clerk generally has to do the detecting, and he has the guests and help and any outsider that may have strayed in to choose from. No easy contract, is it?"

"No. But does he succeed often?"

"Very often. Why, here's a case in point. A traveling jeweler stopped here once. He had some trinkets stolen. Search high or low, they could not be found. Think and think, no suggestion of the thief offered itself. A couple of months passed and it was all but forgotten. One morning the clerk, coming into the elevator suddenly, discovered the boy in charge with his jacket off, sweeping the place. He hurried the garment on, and the clerk noticed he made haste to cover a stud in his bosom. 'Quite swell, that button,' said the clerk, deliberately opening the jacket. 'Yes,' said the boy; 'only it's a faked stone.' The clerk saw it. It was a diamond. That night the boy was in prison and the jeweler had identified the diamond and found the rest of the swag in a pawnbroker's."

"You said the hotel clerk had to be an actor as well as a detective?"

"And hasn't he? Hasn't he to adapt his face to the mood of every guests? He must be jolly with one, reserved with another, smiling and affable with a third and almost lugubrious with a fourth. I have known it necessary in order to dislodge a beat to play a downright theatrical part. Oh, it's a great little world is a hotel, and the clerk thereof plays in it many parts."

Rifles Turned Out.

[Chicago Herald.]

The Springfield armory shops will turn out more rifles this year than ever before since the war, the averaging being 140 a day. Last year's produce was 35,000 and the product of the year before was 32,000. The amount of works depends on the amount of the appropriation, which is about $400,000 a year.

CREOLE COURTSHIP.

HOW A DESIGNING PAPA CAUGHT A SON-IN-LAW.

Getting Married Without Expecting It—A Correspondent's Warning to Unsuspecting but Susceptible Young Northerners—"Nevah Let Go."

[Cor. Philadelphia News.]

"Down in the old French portion of New Orleans it is highly unsafe for young unmarried men to venture alone," writes a correspondent. "The black-eyed beauties are only too glad of the chance to capture an American, and will resort to all sorts of devices to entrap the unsuspecting youth. In order to depict for our northern friends this peculiar phase of creole character, I will relate the story of the experience of my friend, Jack Laflance, who fell a victim to female strategy not long ago.

"Jack met the beautiful Melanie at a soiree on Rue Bon Enfants. Being a good dancer and also a first-class waiter, he was Mlle. Melanie's partner for many figures, and, by a judicious use of cream and cake, gained the good will of Melanie's mamma. An invitation to call next Sunday was accepted, and the visitor was then entreated to 'call again.' Jack did so on the Sunday following, and was so cordially received that he repeated his visit the third time. For my friend Jack was an innocent soul, totally ignorant of creole customs, and he walked right into the snare. On his third call Melanie's papa tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"'M'sieu Lafiance, I would lak fo' see you one minute,' and led him to the dining-room. Suspecting nothing, Jack followed him. Once there, the old gentleman produced a decanter and said:

"'Mon ami, tek some Cognac. You will fin' it ver' fine. My fodder buy it from Cavoroc. Ah! you lak it, eh? Tek cigar—nevah min', thass a real Havana, shuah. Now, fren' Laflance, you lak to know fo' w'at I want see you—eh bien? M'sieu Laflance, I have notiz yo' attentions at my daughter'—here the luckless Jack began to protest. Oh, I am not displease, my de' young man. My fam'ly, sah, is one of the bes' in the city. Yes, sah, we are twenty-firs' coozin with Jean Baptist St. Louis De Lorme, whose gran'fodder slap that Spanish canaille, O'Reilly, on the chik a hondred year ago, as yo' will fin' wrote down by Gayarre. But, my fren', when those Yankee r-r-rascals tek ou' plantations an' ou' nigroes, sah, we was force to leave ou' place, sah, an' come veh an' work, yes. An', ami Laflance, I do not objec' to my daughtah choose you fo' husban', no.' Here the unfortunate Jack broke in with: 'But, my dear sir, you are mistaken. I did not make love to your daughter.' The old gentleman bristled up. 'My de' sah, I love my fam'ly. Thass my h'only thing yeh on earth. You have visit Melanie Sunday after Sunday. You have talk with her, dance with her, sing with her. You have compromise my daughter, sah! There is no otheh co'se lef' a man of honah, sah, than to ma'y her; yes, sah, to ma'y her!'

"'But, sir,' blurted out Jack, 'I am only a poor clerk, with $50 a month, and could not support a wife even if I wanted one.'

"'Mon cher, thass all 'ight—the monnaie is nothing. You don't catch motch, thass true. But fo' that I don' keh me. You come live yeh, yes. Then, afteh w'ile w'en yo patron he get fo' lak you mo', and give you r-r-raise to seventy-fi' dollah, we will do ver' well, yes. So thass all fix, eh? Come, you tek some mo' Cognac. Ah, mon cher Laflance, you don't know what it is to be a fodder, I suppose? Then you can't nevah on'stan' 'ow please I feel w'en a young man lak you hask me for my daughtah! Yes, sah, you are the only man w'at I would rattah have my daughtah than mos' anybody w'atevah, sah!

"'So we will come back to the salon, w'en I will tell to Melanie I have grant yo' demand. M'sieu Laflance, ah, to tell you the trut', you did not tek me by sopprise, no? Ah, a fodder can see w'en his daughtah love a young man! An' Melanie, she love you, ah! She dream of you all night, yes! Ah, sah, w'en a St. Louis De Lorme loves she nevah let go, no, but she lak the pellican, she die firs'.

"'Thass all 'ight, ami Jack, I will see Pere le cure, an' we will mek the announcement next Sunday. You can get one li'll ring, yes, and Melanie will be ready for next mont. I know you don't want to wait long. Allons, let us tell them w'at we have arrange.' And off Jack was hustled to the parlor before he could say Jack Robinson. And though, as it happened, Melanie has proved an excellent wife, there are many who are not Melanies, and it is to put our visiting friends next winter upon their guard against the wiles of designing creole papas that I am constrained to publish this true story of Jack Lafance's courtship."

How Arthur Foiled the Newspapers.

[Washington Cor. Chicago News.]

When Arthur became president he sent for Public Printer Rounds and said: "Here is the manuscript of my message to congress. I have been told if I send it to the government printing office a copy will be stolen. I do not believe it. I shall hold you personally responsible for its entire safety, and shall expect you to deliver it into my hands within five days."

Rounds took the hint. He is a practical printer, and so is Cadet Taylor, the chief clerk, and several other of the minor officials. These gentlemen, five in number, set up the copy after working hours at night. Rounds corrected the proof himself, and at the appointed time delivered it to the president without any eye but his own having seen it entire. There was great rivalry among the newspaper men to secure this particular message. Being the first after his inauguration, it was supposed to outline the policy of the administration for the remainder of his term, and this gave it an added interest that the correspondents were not slow to recognize. It was reported at the time that a certain New York paper had offered $1,000 for an exclusive copy.

Never Sobered Him a Particle.

[Cor. Chicago Journal.]

The foolish young man who, on the night after the election, walked no less than fifty feet in crossing the Broadway sidewalk, his course zig-zagging from the doorway of a gorgeous groggery to that of a cab which stood at the curb, was very drunk indeed. He wore an evening suit which, at his early outset had doubtless been neat and smooth; but hours of carousal had incapacitated him for the nice management of his toilet, and his clothes were all awry.

"Shay, Cabby," thickly said to the driver the befuddled fool, "I wansht t' sleep 'n hour" Here he fell into the vehicle and lay back in the seat. "Go up'n down the sthreet one hour, mind. Then rou-rou-rouse me," and his voice faded away into slumber.

The cabman banged the door shut, peered in at the unconscious passenger, led the horse round the circle and back to the starting point and opened the door again.

"Hi—hi! wake up, sir," he cried shaking the man roughly; "your hour's up. One dollar, please."

The inebriate tumbled out, fumblingly paid an hour's fare for two minutes' riding and muttered: "Blamed 'f nap's sobered me particle. Just as drunk ash I was, —"

Meanest Sneak In Town.

Malarial gases sneaked up through the poorly constructed drains and made baby very sick with malarial fever. Baby would have died but for the timely use of Brown's Iron Bitters. There is nothing meaner in its way of coming, nor worse in its effects, than this malaria from underground regions. Mrs. McDonald, of New Haven, Conn., says, "For six years I suffered from the effects of malaria, but Brown's Iron Bitters cured me entirely." Try it when malaria steals in and undermines your constitution. It will give relief.

The Versatility of Nebraska Girls.

[Queen Bee.]

A beautiful cowgirl lives near Murkel, Taylor county, Neb. She owns some stock, which she personally looks after. At a recent roundup her dazzling beauty and graceful horsemanship were wonderful to behold. A yearling broke from the herd, which three cowboys failed to confine, when the beautiful girl dashed out after it, roping on the second circle, and pulled it by the horn of her saddle into the herd. The boys shouted, wept, and have never ceased to love.

John Sergeant, of Montrose county, it may be added to this, had a 15-year-old daughter, Miss Nellie, who has been bred in the saddle, and has been accustomed to ride with her father all over his range. In addition to the young lady's graceful horsemanship, she can handle a lariat and branding iron, and can ride a bucking horse with as much skill and grace as any cowboy that has been on the range since boyhood. Nellie Sergeant is dowered by her father with one-third of the increase of his herd, and when she chooses to marry her husband will be a cattle king.

De Land's Boquet Duchesse, a new and delightful odor. Trial bottles 15 cents.

The indifference of the public to recognized evils is sometimes heartrending.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Fred S. Davis distinctly states that Acker's English Remedy has and does cure contracted consumption. Ask for circular. An entirely new medicine, guaranteed. 4

There are only two western states in which the postal service is self-sustaining, and one of them in our own Michigan, the other being Illinois.

Sure Cure.

Botanical Dyspepsia Balm. Cures Dyspepsia in all its forms. Leading physicians use and recommend it. Satisfaction guaranteed. For sale by Frank Smith. 3

The public dread of hard times is as unreasonable as the Irishman who applied at the window of a suspected bank. He said if he "could get his money he didn't need it, but if he couldn't get it he must have it."—*Geneva, Ill., Patrol.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith. 1072y1

The plain principle comes to the fore that those who are making finely off the people ought to devise measures for the benefit of the people, and make some compensation for the benefits which they are enjoying at the hands of the people.—*The Weekly Magazine.*

Joyfully Astonished

Mr. James Brunt, Deputy Sheriff, Baltimore, Maryland, writes: In an experience of thirty years I have become acquainted with numerous so called specifics for coughs and colds, but never before experienced such surprising efficacy as was obtained from the Red Star Cough Cure. I was attacked with a severe deep-seated cold and cough. I suffered for some time, and tried this valuable remedy. I was completely cured by the use of one bottle.

The mischievous political doctrine of State Rights when it first appeared was merely a symptom of what the German publicists, since the union of Germany have styled "particularism." It was largely a device to bolster up the importance of provincial politicians afraid they would be lost sight of in the broad area of national interests.—*Louisville Times.*

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

The VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-Voltaic BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free. 1083y1

Henry Schœnhals, foreman Henry Krug Packing Co., St. Joseph, Mo., uses Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil with his men for sprains, cuts, bruises, etc.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE

IS RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

CURES

Catarrh of the Nasal Cavity—Chronic and Ulcerative; Catarrh of the Ear, Eye or Throat. It is taken INTERNALLY and acts DIRECTLY upon the Blood and Mucous Surfaces of the System. It is the best Blood Purifier in the WORLD, and is worth ALL that is charged for it, for THAT alone.

THE ONLY INTERNAL CURE FOR CATARRH IN THE MARKET.

And we offer One Hundred Dollars for any Case of Catarrh it will not Cure.

WILL CURE ANY CASE.

Office of A. T. STEWART & Co. CHICAGO, Ill., June 4, 1880.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Gentlemen:—I take pleasure in informing you that I have used Hall's Catarrh Cure. It has cured me—I was very bad—and don't hesitate to say that it will *cure* any case of Catarrh if taken properly. Yours truly,

J. B. WEATHERFORD.

WORTH $10 A BOTTLE.

E. MURRAY, Jackson, Mich., writes Have had Catarrh for 20 years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me. Consider it worth $10.00 a bottle.

Sold by all Druggists at 75 cts. per bottle. Manufactured and sold by F. J. CHENEY & CO. Sole Proprietors, TOLEDO, OHIO.

FRED S. DAVIS, Agent.

1041y1 plus 13

HOW VICTORIEN SARDOU

Begins Writing a Play, and How He Develops the Idea.

[Haynie's Paris Letter.]

This Victorien Sardou is indeed a wonderful man. Eighteen or twenty years ago he was so thin that it made you cold to look at him; he always resembled, in features, the first Napoleon, although his were sharper, more angular, than were those of the great captain. I once asked Sardou how he conceived or wrote his pieces.

"In a very simple way," was his reply. "When I have found the first idea, or rather the leading sitiuation—for on the stage it is always necessary that the idea should become incarnate in a situation around which everything pivots—I start a file for it. This file, composed at first of a single document, grows little by little, like that of a lawsuit. A sensational item, a famous trial, a queer character whom I meet, a scrap of conversation I may overhear are added to it, one by one, in the shape of pieces of paper covered with hieroglyphics that I alone can read. This work of accumulation may, and sometimes does, go on for years, but one day an event occurs which renders the subject an actuelite; a new theatre is started, or a great artist makes his or her appearance; that day I take down the file and set to work on the piece.

"As yet it is only an embryo. The idea is there, and also its various developments, but I have to decide the sphere of life in which I will make it live, the epoch in which I will place it and the personages whom I will cause to move around it, their names, and how they shall dress. Not one of these necessary details as yet appears in the file. My heroes and heroines have no names; they are mere forces—A, B, C—the husband, the wife, the lover. From the contact and shock of these three forces comes the leading situation, which is the knot of the plot. My first dramatic thought or idea always presents itself to me under this important formula.

"Then I begin to think out what causes bring about this situation; what are the logical deductions which may be drawn from it. This done, I begin to think about the names and costumes to give to my personages, about the country, and the historical epoch that can but throw them into relief. The primary idea is not in the least altered by the subsequent modifications in the secondary details. Truth and human nature are independent of costumes, names, epochs, and remain truth and human nature in spite of everything. Take up Shakespeare—there is not one of his pieces, excepting his feeries, which cannot be played in modern dress."

Decoys for the Bucket-Shop.

[New York Cor. Chicago Journal.]

Some of the seats in our elevated railroad cars are so arranged that two passengers sit back to back with another two. Thus four mouths and eight ears are brought so close together that each couple is bound to overhear the conversation of the other couple. The men who were so placed in my hearing yesterday, as I rode down town, had the aspect of business solidity. The spoke in the language of Wall street, and their manner was brisk and confident. The topic between them was a venture in petroleum, and one was congratulating the other on the fortunate outcome of the deal.

"How much did it stand you in for?"

"Nine hundred dollars."

"And how much did you risk?"

"Only fifty."

"How long did it take?"

"Three days."

So ran the dialogue, exultant, assertive, convincing, and it set me to thinking whether I hadn't been foolish in always keeping out of speculation. Then came the information by which, it seemed, I might go and do substantially what this man had done. "I'll let you into the point," he said to his companion, and went on to say that he was going to invest $100 on oil at a certain broker's office, the street and number of which he gave with careful exactness, while the other wrote it down with protests of gratitude for the valuable tip. Then one whispered "Hush!" and glanced significantly at me. It was clear that I had accidentally become possessed of knowledge which I might turn into hundreds of dollars, for they had agreed that it was a sure thing. In the afternoon, on my way down town, I happened to sit in the same position, relative to the same men; but it was not by chance that they repeated the same language almost word for word. They were decoys for the gambling-hell or bucket-shop which they were careful to locate. It was their business to be overheard by persons who might thereby be led to lose money in the oddly-advertised establishment.

Do you need a remedy that will cure every kind of humor from a pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula and syphilitic disorders, use Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Three to five bottles cure skin disease, salt rheum or tetter. Four to ten bottles cure running sores, ulcers, scrofula and all syphilitic disorders. One to three bottles cure sores, boils, carbuncles, etc. One to two bottles cures pimples on the face, blotches, etc. It is the only perfect blood purifier that can be made from a thorough knowledge of drugs. Ask your druggist for it. Take no substitute. 87w2

Sadly Deficient.

The high-priced French cook at the Lotus club, New York, cannot make good buckwheat cakes, and the club is in a ferment of excitement in consequence.

Western Plowman: A poet says "there is no death." He evidently never started a paper to fill a long felt want.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE WISDOM OF THE DEAD.

[Hattie Tyng Griswold.]

My love has been dead for an hour;
Oh! she has been true to me,
She had loved me in passion and pain,
She had followed o'er land and sea.

And I had been true to her,
Or as true as a man may be;
He does not love like a girl,
And follow o'er land and sea.

But I loved her the best of all,
Though I may have had other friends,
And if ever she doubted me,
She made me divine amends.

But an hour before she died,
My beautiful worshiper said,
If I could swear I had always been true,
Then she should be happy dead.

So I swore with a steady voice,
With my hand upon her head,
That I had always been true,
That she might be happy dead.

Ah! I wonder how much they know,
These dead with their strange new powers,
And I wonder can they be hurt
By folly and fault of ours.

Oh! the very thought appalls,
And I thrink with sudden dread,
That although she loved me so
She may not be happy dead!

HOOD'S NASHVILLE CAMPAIGN.

How Thomas Broke the Confederate Commander's Lines.

[Ex-Confederate Capt. Wright in Phila. Times.]

Allusion has already been made to the unusual distincness with which from our hill-side we could see more than a mile of Hood's line to our left. Beyond that the view was cut off by a thick skirt of woods through which his line of battle passed. No member of our victorious brigades who witnessed that terrible rout can ever forget the surprise and chagrin with which we saw men and riderless horses rushing in wild confusion from that woods towards the Franklin pike in our rear, closely pursued by the "boys in blue," and the smoke and carnage of battle, and then regiment after regiment falling back in succession from their works to avoid being flanked, until it became necessary to withdraw the whole of Hood's right wing in haste to prevent our retreat from being cut off by a movement from our left and rear. Soon, over the plains in full view, there was a scene of confusion that baffles description. The horses of battery—where the horses had not been killed or disabled—were rushed to the front at full speed and hitched to their guns to carry them off and avoid capture. Towards our left were many too late to save their batteries. In a short time the rout and disorganization were complete.

How so fatal a breach was made in any part of Hood's line, after every other assault that day had been so completely repulsed, was a mystery and a stunning surprise to the rest of his army who had held their portion of the works. All we could then learn was that part of the division of Gen. Bate (now Gov. Bate of Tennessee) had been driven from their entrenchments, and it was asserted that they had not made proper efforts to hold them. As these same troops were charged with failure in duty not long before at Murfreesboro, to the great surprise of their comrades in arms, deep and loud were the curses upon them for bringing this greatest of disasters upon our southern arms and that in sight of their homes.

It was conceded even then that Gen. Bate was an able and gallant commander, but a deep regret was expressed that part of his command had not acted with a valor worthy of him. It has since been explained that by some error in alignment one of his brigades had a difficult point to hold. In the darkness of the previous night they had occupied a mound, at the base of which it was easy for the Union forces to mass themselves near our works for attack under cover of a heavy artillery fire.

Gen. Thomas took advantage of this and between 3 and 4 p. m., under a concentrated fire of many field pieces, he pushed forward a division of infantry to the base of this mound, where they were well protected. By a sudden and gallant charge these men scaled the mound and carried the entrenchments that crowned it, Bate's men not venturing to show their heads above their works on account of the storm of shot and shell that swept them incessantly until the assault was consummated. This one breach was so promptly followed up by Thomas' overwhelming numbers that Hood's army was crushed and all chances of his success in Tennessee finally destroyed.

When Deer Were Plenty.

[Piper's Pond Cor. N. Y. Times.]

"I guess I'll stan' you on the Burnt Ches'nut runaway, sonny, when we go to the ridge, fur I think it's more'n likely that if the dogs sen' a deer to any place they'll give it a run over in that d'rection, fur if the deer don't make fur the Burnt Ches'nut on its way to the pond then deer has furgut their ol' time tricks in this deestrick. Jim Porter wouldn't never stan' nowhar else in these woods 'cept on Burnt Ches'nut, an' many's the whoppin' ol' buck he's sent to kingdom come from ahind that ol' stump. But them was the days w'en 'twan't no trick to go out an' fetch in a deer, 'cause they was in the woods thicker'n sheep in a pastur', an' kind o' 'spected to git a ball in 'em ev'ry minute. Jim Porter usety say to me more'n wunst, 'Andy,' he says, ''tain't safe to use buckshot in these woods, 'less ye want to git more'n one deer to a time,' he says, ''cause if yer load scatters two foot either one way or t'other, ye've got to lug in two, and mebbe three deer,' says he. 'They'm too thick for decent fun.' says he,' 'an' we orter pisen some on 'em.' It's a dead fact, sonny, that fifty years ago, w'enever I'd let ol' Belcher here speak out at a deer, an' he alluz went fur 'em with ball, I'd alluz look here an' thar roun' in the brush to see if the ball hadn't gone clean through the deer an' knocked over two or three more, or if hadn't mebbe glanced off an' slid into another carcase or so. But nowadays, Lord bless ye! it's a big sight differ'nt. Now, w'en ye git a shot at a deer ye want to be mighty kereful. If thuz a deer in the woods the hull township's more'n likely to know it, an' they'll be lookin' of it up. So, if ye want yer conscience to rest easy, sonny, never fire at a deer in this deestrick 'less ye take a good look all through the brush afterward to see how many other hunters ye've killed, so's their folks'll know it an' kin give 'em a decent funer'l."

Could Suit Him.

[Philadelphia Call.]

House Hunter—This house is very nice, but it won't do for me. It is not large enough.

Real Estate Agent—I thought you said you had only one child?

"True, but I forgot about my uncle. He is a very rich old bachelor and has promised to come and live with me."

"Oh, I see now. Well, I can suit you exactly. Only a square off I have a house larger than this and with a big spare room, which will be just the thing for a rich uncle."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; it faces directly north and is awfully damp."

The fruit crop of the country is estimated to be worth $140,000,000.

LASSOING A GRIZZLY.

CATCHING THE BIG BEAR OF SANTA ROSA.

Waiting for the Monster by Moonlight—A Charge Like That of the Famous "Light Brigade"—The Tug of War.

[Forest and Stream.]

The catching of the big bear of Santa Rosa, some years ago in San Diego county, was probably the greatest performance of the kind ever seen in California. This bear was pronounced by several who had seen "Old Sampson" and other great bears, far larger than any of them. His hide was on exhibition for months at Los Angeles, and was the wonder of all old bear hunters. His head was more than the strongest man in the party could lift clear of the ground, and his weight was estimated at 1,000 to 2,000 pounds.

But one evening he caught a yearling heifer just outside the edge of the great sea of chapparal that covers miles of the northern part of San Diego county and the southern part Los Angeles county, and forms the rancho of Santa Rosa. A vaquero saw him, and as he rode within sight the bear left the heifer and went into the bush. Word was sent at once to Temecula and by 8 o'clock six men on six of the best horses in the country, each man with an extra riata tied behind the saddle, were on the ground. Half a dozen more men as spectators rode along in the rear. Fortunately the moon was nearly full. About 250 yards away, upon the leeward side of the dead cow, the party halted and tied their horses, while some of the men went ahead on foot to reconnoiter. Behind a little knoll, 100 yards or so from the bait, they stopped. Over the dead animal half a dozen coyotes were snarling and feeding, but no bear was there.

Nearly two hours passed away, when there was a sudden lull in the noise of the coyotes, and they began to sneak away from the bait. The crack of brush, too, was heard in the chapparal, and in a minute a huge mass of shaggy blackness emerged, walked around to the leeward side of the heifer and stopped upon the little knoll so close to the men that they could hear its breathing, and in the cool night breeze that floated toward them could plainly smell the strong odor of the mighty brute. Hour after hour passed, yet the bear still kept his place. At nearly 2 o'clock in the morning the bear finally decided to eat, and started toward the carcass, and soon the cracking of bones was heard.

Quickly the men went back for the horses. The horses knew as well as their masters what was coming, and each one trembled like a leaf as the great horsehair girth was "cinched" as tightly as the long running strap could draw it. Don Francisco Machado, one of the owners of the ranch, was selected to make the first throw. They rode up quietly to within about 100 yards and then, like a flight of arrows, the six horses shot forward beneath the impulse of the spurs. If such a charge be not "into the jaws of hell," it is very much like it. Certain it is that more men can be found to lead a charge like that of the Light brigade than to lead one as Don Francisco did.

At the clatter of the hoofs the bear rose with a savage growl from his supper. Right up to within fifteen feet of the brute rode Don Francisco with his brother, Don Juan Machado, and a friend close behind him. Another brother, Don Jose Machado, and two other horsemen split off and passed upon the other side of the victim. Wheeeoo, wheeeoo, went the noose twice around the rider's head as he approached the bear; whizz went the noose as it flew from his hand. With a faint zip it fell over the bear's head, and in a twinkling the other end of the rope was wound around the horn of the saddle and the noose drawn tight with a sudden jerk. The bear, instead of being pulled off his feet or trying to loosen the riata, made a rush for Don Francisco, but the quick horse he rode sprang forward fast enough to keep the riata tight, and in a moment another noose, from the hand of Don Jose, dropped over the bear's head from behind; but it also went under one foot, making the noose catch over the shoulder. Vainly the horse set himself back upon his haunches. No horse could hold such a hold as that, and Don Jose had to drop his riata.

Don Francisco now tried to jerk the bear sidewise so as to get him off his feet or get him to raise his feet so that they could be easily noosed by his companions. Noose after noose aimed for the brute's legs whizzed through the air; but he would not keep a foot clear of the ground long enough for a successful throw, and his movements were so irregular that it was impossible to base calculations upon them so as to cast the loop inside. But in a moment more zip came another loop over the bear's head, and fell full around his neck. As it tightened he rose upon his feet while both loops were pulling in opposite directions. In a twinkling his paws were beneath them; in a moment he had them both in his mouth. Such strength surprised and alarmed his persecutors. The air was filled with Spanish ejaculations, and the worst of it was that both fore paws were now so protected that neither one could be lassoed. Amid the carrajos and carrambas and que diablo es esle, one of the riatas, frayed and cut half in two by teeth and claws, parted beneath the strain, and before another cast could be made the second one gave way.

But the bear was free for but an instant. The very incarnation of fury, he made a rush at Don Jose, whose horse wheeled with a whirl that would have landed an ordinary rider in the claws of the enemy. Just as he rushed upon him, open-mouthed and raging, another noose came with a sudden snap around his head, catching in his mouth and tightening on the instant behind his teeth and behind his ears. As he reared upon his feet another one fell over his head upon top of the first one, and by the two he was jerked over backward, and then there was a wild confusion of horses and men and ropes and bear and Spanish interjections and cries of "Agarra un pie," "Pronto," "De veras es el diablo," etc. Before one of his feet could be secured he had so cut the second riata around his neck with his claws that it gave way, and had turned himself over and was again upon his feet. The noose in his mouth still held, and as he raised one paw to get that loose, zip landed another loop right over the paw. In a twinkling that paw was outstretched, pulling the bear so that he raised the hind foot upon the other side. Quicker than it can be told that foot was caught up by a dexterous fling from Don Francisco and outstretched. The prize was now quite secure, but the work was anything but done. Every foot must be secured with a noose. but two of them were upon the ground, and as only opposite feet had been caught it was not so easy to turn him over. Another riata was cast over his head, and by the aid of the two he was pulled backward, while by the riatas on his feet he was swung around. A horseman stood in front and another behind, each with riata in short coil and with a small noose ready to pick up the two loose feet. The front one was snapped the first time he raised it clear enough from the ground for the noose to pass under, and as this paw was outstretched and the bear fell upon his belly the last foot was taken in a twinkling, and the monster lay spread out upon the ground as flat and helpless as a dead frog.

THE HARLEM TRAMP.

He Entertains the Barkeeper with Some Original Sayings.

[Exchange.]

"That's what I like to see—a good fire; it looks like blooming hospitality. But it would greatly add to my present hospitality if I had a little of the stuff that breaks up homes."

"I suppose," remarked the barkeeper, "that I must treat, but what a fool a man is to put that in his mouth that steals away his brains."

"Oh, let up on that stuff," growled the tramp. "You never could put anything in your mouth to steal away your brains. Just shut off the morality lecture and produce the old stuff. It makes me tired to hear a lot of moral sayings: 'A man is known by the company he keeps,' 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' and hundreds of other chestnuts. Why don't they get some new sayings?"

"Where can they get 'em?" asked the barkeeper.

"Why, let 'em go to a philosopher and have 'em written; what's the matter with that? While on the road I wrote a lot myself. Talk about proverbs and old sayings, you ought to hear mine."

"Let's hear 'em," said the barkeeper.

"For nothing?" said the tramp indignantly. "Not much. Just proceed to wet the interior of the philosopher with another dose of insanity."

"These things I have written," said the tramp, "may not be put in choice language. They are the spontaneous outpourings of a heart that bleeds for humanity. Every one of them is a gem, and deserves a place in history. I make no claims of being educated, but there are no flies on me when it comes to sifting human nature down to the core. If the audience is ready the philosopher will gush.

"Now, gentlemen, listen. Here are the proverbs and sayings I have invented, and any infringement will be prosecuted according to law."

"A 5-cent shave is better than a dirty face."

"Never judge a man by the clothes that he wears. He may have borrowed them.

"A firm that pays its office boy $2 a week deserves to have its postage stamps stolen.

"It is better to be honest than be poor.

"Good clothes make a better impression on society than a good name.

"A poor man's evil deeds are a crime; a rich man's a mistake.

"A 5-cent meal, with contentment, is better than a Delmonico layout with a heavy creditor.

"An honest politician is the noblest work of the Creator.

"A man who can be honest on an empty stomach can be trusted with your pocketbook.

"A dog never gets drunk, and consequently he is man's best friend.

"One half the world don't know how the other half lives, and it don't care.

"Death must be happiness. Most of living faces are sad, but nothing grins like a dead man's skull.

"Liars have their usefulness—they make the truth appear more beautiful by contrast.

"Shabby men have one consolation—pickpockets are well dressed.

"There," shouted the tramp, as he brought his fist down on the bar with a bang, "there you have a lot of sayings that are true, and can warm the hide off the old saws in one round. Now that I have enlightened your minds what is my reward?"

A Word of Advice.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The other day I went to ask of a man a small favor, which he could very readily grant, and which, as it involved rather a compliment, I thought he would be highly pleased to confer. To my surprise my request was declined. My annoyance was extreme. I have not recovered from it yet, though the occurrence is two months old. True, I know the motive openly avowed for the refusal was mean and insupportable. True, I am conscious, as this man and I shook hands on parting, I, who occupied the never pleasant position as a rejected applicant, could hold my head high above his, whose character had so suffered in my esteem. Still I do not get over the sting of mortification.

If I might give you a word of advice, reader, just by the way, I would urge you never to slight a sensitive man who asks you anything in reason, and by all means to grant him fully and gracefully anything he seeks which, whether you like it or not, you feel for consistency's sake you ought to concede. I, myself, abjure all vindictiveness, but it is so easy, generally, to make a very, very bitter enemy. And he is pretty sure to turn up some day. With knitted brow, glistening eye and glittering knife, there he'll be. And if you feel you have been in the wrong you'll turn craven. You may learn very disagreeably how the minor worry, which some little slight on your part occasions, grew into an abiding sense of injury, and gradually stored up for you, consequences (very just and right perhaps), you didn't in the least anticipate.

A Locomotive Makes a Call.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A resident of Chouteau avenue recently made up his mind to move, and, as he had become very much attached to the frame house in which he lived, he determined to take the structure with him, together with the furniture it contained. The other day, according to the programme he had formulated, he had the house placed on rollers and started on its journey. As darkness closed in on him before he could complete his task, he found it necessary to let the house remain on a side-track of the Missouri Pacific Railway company over night. The track was in an out-of-the-way place, and he quite naturally supposed it had been abandoned by the company. In fact, he was so well satisfied that the building was perfectly secure, that he and his children went to bed in one of its apartments when the time for retiring arrived. While the happy family were dreaming sweet dreams one of the locomotives of the Missouri Pacific company struck one side of the building and came out on the opposite side, passing through the parlor and crushing through the floors and walls. The dreamers, who slept in adjoining room, were shaken out of their beds, and the engineer and fireman in charge of the engine were almost frightened into spasms, but no one was injured.

A "Mouthful of Bread."

[Chicago Herald.]

A benevolent society, called a "Mouthful of Bread," has been started in Paris. Its object is to render temporary assistance to those who are out of work. A lump of bread and a glass of water, flavored with vinegar, are given to all who ask for relief. The vinegar is put in the water to kill the microbes, which swarm in the foul Seine water, and the concoction doesn't taste much different from the sour wine ordinarily used by Parisians.

Owing to the Conditions.

The London Globe, in an article on "Nationality in Voice," declares that America for the next century will produce the finest singers in the world, owing to "the semi-barbarous conditions essential to such productions."

A SPECIFIC FOR THE BLOOD, AND A Positive Cure FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

An infallible remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Blood, such as **Tetter, Ringworm, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples & Blotches,** and is the best Remedy for all **Female Complaints** and **Weaknesses.** It has cured diseases of the **Liver** and **Kidneys** when all other remedies have failed.

DO not let your Druggist persuade you to take something else, but if he has not got it, and will not send for it, write to us and we will send it to you by express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

.....One to three bottles of Rheumatic Syrup will clear the system of Bile, and cure any case of Inflammatory or Acute Rheumatism, or Neuralgia.

.....Three to five bottles will cure Erysipelas in its worst form.

.....Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running Ulcers.

.....Four to six bottles are warranted to cure any case of Salt Rheum.

.....Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of Scrofula.

.....From two to four months' use of Rheumatic Syrup will cure any case of Chronic Rheumatism of twenty years' standing.

If you have been a sufferer for years, and have used all the remedies you could hear of, with no avail, do not be discouraged, for Rheumatic Syrup will cure you.

Price, $1.00 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.00.

Send for our pamphlet of Testimonials, etc. &

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Rochester, N. Y.

1083w13

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples and Face Grubs, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula & Erysipelas.

THE·BEST·BLOOD·PURIFIER·ON·EARTH.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Buffalo, New York.

1039y1

BEFORE USING.

CRAMPS, DIARRHŒA

THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.

$5000.00 for any medicine to equal this, for curing Cholera Infantum, Diarrhœa, Vomiting, Colic, Cramps, Cross or Sleepless Babies, Teething, or any trouble in the stomach or bowels.

FAMILY MEDICINE CO., DETROIT.

59yr1

AFTER USING.

These are Solid Facts.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric bitters. Inactivity of the liver, biliousness, Jaundice, constipation, weak kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Frank Smith. 4

A Business-Like Darkey.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

The other day an old negro who entered a doctor's office, held a large turtle under his coat and the turtle held the finger of the bearer. "Boss, I'se come in ter see ef yer kain't 'suade dis thing ter turn loose. Be'n on dar eber sense dis mornin'. Caught him down in de swamp an' he cotch me 'bout de same time." "Why didn't you kill him?" asked the doctor. "Would er done it, sah, but de preacher whut libs on our place he say it wur bad luck, so thought I'd come ter yesse'f. Dat's right, thankee sah. Uh, huh! finger dun gone. Whut'll yer gin me fur de turtle, boss?"

Catalpa for Cross-Ties.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The 240,000 catalpa twigs which President Mackey, of the Evansville & Terre Haute railroad set out two years ago are now, it is said, three inches in diameter, and growing vigorously. Five years from now they will furnish cross ties.

The Secret of Wealth.

Broken down invalids do you wish to gain flesh, to acquire an appetite, to enjoy a regular habit of body, to obtain refreshing sleep, to feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your system is being braced up and renovated. If so commence at once a course of GOLDEN SEAL BITTERS. In one week you will be convalescent. In a month you will be well. Don't despair because you have a weak constitution. Fortify the body against disease by purifying all the fluids with GOLDEN SEAL BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of system thus forearmed. The liver, the stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, are rendered disease proof by this great invigorant. Ruinous bills for medical attendance may be avoided by counteracting the first symptoms of sickness with these Bitters. They are recommended from friend to friend, and the sale increases daily. We warrant a cure. They are a positive cure also for all female complaints. In these diseases they have no equal. Take no others. Sold by E. Samson and F. Smith. m 2

Erysipelas and salt rheum was driven entirely away from Mrs. J. C. Anderson, Peshtigo, Wis., by Burdock Blood Bitters. No equal as a blood purifier

SCROFULA.

A remedy that can destroy the germs of scrofula, and when once settled has the power to root it out, must be appreciated by those afflicted. The remarkable cures of young children and the more wonderful cures of those of middle age and late in life, as illustrated by our printed testimonials, prove HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA to be a reliable remedy, containing remedial agents which do positively cure scrofula and eradicate it from the blood.

WARNER, N. H., Jan. 21, 1879.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.: Gentlemen—For ten years previous to the early part of 1877 I had been a constant sufferer from scrofulous ulcers or sores, which had finally reduced me to a helpless condition, as described in my letter to you in September of that year. The continued excellent health which enables me to keep house for my aged father and to enjoy life, keeps alive my intense personal interest in HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, and I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude for the permanent cure this wonderful medicine effected in my case nearly two years ago, while living in Lowell, when all my physicians gave me up as being in an incurable condition. One thing before I close. I have recommended your Sarsaparilla to hundreds, and I think more than a thousand cases, and my faith in its invincibility in curing scrofula has become absolute by the wonderful cures it has effected aside from my own. I trust you will not be slow in making the merits of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA known everywhere, for it is a duty you owe to mankind. With best wishes I remain very truly yours,

SARAH C. WHITTIER.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is a skilfully-prepared compound, concentrated extract, *by a process peculiarly our own,* of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science as alteratives, blood-purifiers, diuretics, and tonics.

Sold by all druggists. Price $1, or six for $5. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1014y1

Consult Dr. LaBarge, SUCCESSOR TO Dr. DeBUTTS

In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

(Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)

Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 920 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

36y1

M. W. DUNHAM

Wayne, Du Page Co., Illinois,

HAS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

Percheron Horses valued at $3,000,000, which includes

75 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES

Whose purity of blood is established by their pedigrees recorded in the STUD BOOKS OF FRANCE.

EVER IMPORTED TO AMERICA.

STOCK ON HAND:

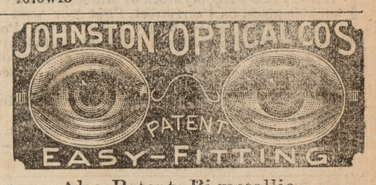
150 Imported Brood Mares,

250 Imported Stallions, Old enough for service,

100 COLTS, Two years old and younger.

Recognizing the principle accepted by all intelligent breeders that, however well bred animals may be *said* to be, if their pedigrees are not recorded, and cannot be authentically given, they should be valued only as grades, I will sell all *Imported Stock at Grade Prices* when I cannot furnish with the animal sold pedigree verified by the original French certificate of its number and record in the Stud Book in France. **140 Page Catalogue** sent free. It is illustrated with Six Prize Horses of the Exhibition of the *Societe Hippique Percheronne* of France, 1884; purchased by M. W. Dunham, and drawn from life by **Rosa Bonheur,** the most famous of all animal painters.

1075w13



Also Patent Bi-metallic and Patent Pupillary Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Unparalled in perfection of frames and lenses. The Pupillary is the only Eye Glass suitable for ASTIGMATISM. The above Goods are Sold by

S. H. DODGE

12 Congress St., Ypsilanti.

1020yrs2

ATHLOPHOROS

ATHLOPHOROS is a novel word to most people who speak the English language. The Greeks used it centuries ago, meaning by it

THE PRIZE-BEARER!

ATHLOPHOROS is the first and only medicine which has carried off the prize as the perfect remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

Like two relentless tyrants they have for ages held their suffering victims in an iron grip. These poor sufferers have been as slaves in the power of their oppressors.

ATHLOPHOROS has entered the arena; engaged in conflict with the monsters, and won the victory. As the competitors in the Grecian games of old could win only by the most severe trials of ability and endurance, so ATHLOPHOROS has won the prize, not alone by giving temporary relief, but by bringing an enduring cure as well to those who have suffered the excruciating agonies of Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

ATHLOPHOROS is a novelty, not only in name, but in its elements. It is unlike any preparation yet introduced.

ATHLOPHOROS is put up with consummate skill, and contains nothing that can possibly harm the most delicate constitution.

ATHLOPHOROS acts on the blood, muscles and joints, and removing the poison and acid from the blood, carries them out of the system.

Now, do you want to suffer on and on? or do you want to be well?

ATHLOPHOROS WILL CURE YOU

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

YPSILANTI COMMERCIAL.

Published every Saturday morning, at the corner of Huron and Pearl streets, opposite the Post Office, Ypsilanti, Mich., by

C. R. PATTISON.

$1.00 per annum, invariably in advance; 60 cents for six months; 30 cents for three months; 5 cents a copy.

Entered at the post office at Ypsilanti, as second class matter.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

BANKERS.

HEMPHILL, Batchelder & Co., Bankers, corner of Congress and Huron streets, Ypsilanti. 1041

DENTISTS.

WATLING & JAMES. J. A. Watling, D. D. S., L. M. James, D. D. S., Dentists, Huron St. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired. 46

PHYSICIANS.

CHAS. B. PILLSBURY, M. D., Homœopothist. Office and residence on Michigan Street first house west of Huron street.
Office Hours, 8:30 to 10 A. M.; 3 to 5–7 to 8 P. M. Telephone connection.

WM. PATTISON, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and accoucheur. Will attend to calls in city or country. Office nearly opposite the Episcopal Church, Huron Street, Ypsilanti.

DR. RUTH A. FRENCH, office on Huron St. South of Cross Street. Office hours from 1 to 3 P. M. 68

MRS. FLORA H. RUCH, M. D., Successor to BELLE WARNER, M. D., Residence and Office opposite COMMERCIAL Office. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clok P. M. 68y1

Take Notice.

Special Attention will be given to notices inserted in this column. The following order will be adhered to: 1st, Notice of meetings of special interest, etc.: 2nd, Lost; 3rd, Found; 4th, Wanted; 5th, To Rent: 6th, For Sale; 7th, Business Points.

BUILDERS--NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Building Committee of school district No. 6., London Township, Monroe County, and state of Michigan, will let the job for the construction of a school house with all the material on the same, by sealed bids. Building to be built according to plan and specifications, before the first day of July 1885. No bids will be received after the 31st day of January 1885, after which the job will be assigned to the lowest bidder. Committee reserved the privilege to reject any and all bids. Plan and specifications will be open for viewing at the store of James A. Blackmer, and Bids will be received at the same place. BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

E. C. GREEN,
J. A. BLACKMER,
R. M. REYNOLDS,
S. G. REYNOLDS,
T. C. HOWARD,
85w4 Committee.

NOTICE!

STRAYED.—Came onto the subscriber's premises—a bay horse, some ten or twelve years old, medium size. The owner will please call, prove title, pay charges, and take property.
H. C. SNIDECOR.
Superior, December 26, 1884. 84w4

ROOMS WITH BOARD.

51 CROSS ST. Pleasant rooms with good table board, at reasonable rates, for small family or gentlemen. 85w3 MARY A. SMITH.

FOR SALE.

WOOD FOR SALE.—WE HAVE 200 CORDS first class wood (Oak and Hickory, partly second growth,) which we will sell and deliver to suit customers at low prices. Orders may be left at Wortley Bros.' clothing store, where prices may be had, and will be promptly attended to. The wood is on the old Voorhees farm, one mile north of Peninsular paper mills. SCOTNEY BROS.
1087 4w.

ONE ACRE of Land with Suitable Buildings, located within two minutes walk of a store, at Stony Creek, in Augusta township. Said acre is rich land. Can raise enough to support a family and some to sell. A beautiful place to live, high and dry. Enquire of WATSON BARR, Administrator. 87w6

RASPBERY AND STRAWBERRY PLANTS.—The Ohio Black Raspbery, per doz 25 cents, per 100 $1.25, per 1000 $10.00. The Crescent Strawberry, per 100, 50 cents; per 1000, $3.00. 86
Ypsilanti, Jan. 8, 1885. ISAAC GRAY.

MINERAL WATER—From Owen's well is now selling at 20 cents per gallon. Bottles, jugs and kegs on hand for those who may desire them. 1061

BUSINESS POINTS.

MILINERY.—REMOVED.

I HAVE MOVED my stock of Milinery to a more eligible place, on Pearl street, First door west of the COMMERCIAL office, nearly opposite the Post office. Thanking the ladies of Ypsilanti and vicinity for their generous patronage, I would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same, and also request others to call and see my beautiful assortment. I propose promptly to keep up with New and Desirable fashions. Call and examine my Goods.
1087m3 MRS. N. E. PARMETER.

FLOWERS.

CUT FLOWERS and Floral Designs furnished at reasonable rates. Patronage solicited.
L. E. CHILDS.

BATHS.

MINERAL BATHS at Mrs. Dr. McAndrew's, South Huron St. Pleasant sitting rooms for ladies. No gentlemen admitted until after 6 p. m
1002

Cordary's Packing House!

Now is the time to get your Spareribs, Leaf Lard, Hearts, Pigs' Feet, etc., etc., at

N. Cordary's

NEAR THE IRON BRIDGE, ON

Congress St., West, Ypsilanti.
1080

WOOD. WOOD.

I can furnish a good quality of Stove Wood at Reasonable Rates. Will take orders when delivering, or at my Harness store, or by mail. All orders will be promptly attended to. Yard southwest corner of Congress and Hamilton streets. 1075.

C. F. Schaffer.

City and Vicinity News.

Friends having business at the Probate office will do themselves and us a favor by requesting notices published in the COMMERCIAL.

Visiting cards of the latest styles, always in stock at the COMMERCIAL office.

The Crouch trial cost $50,000.

A big snow storm Thursday night.

The rink in Light Guard Hall re opens today—good music this evening.

The opera "Doctor of Alcantara" will be repeated at the opera house Thursday, January 29.

Our gas company have reduced the price of gas to $2.00 to all those using 2000 feet and over, less the same as before, $2,50.

The W. C. T. U. will hold weekly meetings hereafter on Thursday afternoons at 3 o'clock in the chapel of the M. E. Church.

The Electric Light works beautifully and is highty satisfactory to those using it. It is the same with the gas light. Truly Ypsilanti is a favored city.

DeNike & Robbison have sold their stock of groceries to Mr. Geo. Soule, who takes possession next Monday. To prosper he will only have to do as well as his predecessors.

By a special notice in another column our readers will see a good opportunity is offered to purchasers of wood by Scotney Bros. Orders to be left at Wortley Bros. Clothing store, where particulars can be learned.

We have received a very interesting number of The North British Advertiser and Ladies Journal published at Edingburg, Scotland, Dec. 27. At that time they were having clear, cold, bracing weather, and no snow.

Remember the great auction conducted by Mayor Yost on the estate of the late Edith Sherwood. Besides a large amount of stock, produce and farm implements, two farms to be sold. Date Wednesday January 21st, at 10 A. M.

Mr. J. P. White an old citizen died this week. He was an esteemed member of the F. and A. M., and was buried with masonic rites. He was in the employ of The Ypsilanti Paper Co. over twenty-five years, an expert in counting paper.

At the regular Board Meeting of the Ladies' Library, Tuesday, Jan. 6, it was voted that their sincere thanks be extended to Prof. Foote and the young ladies and gentlemen who kindly furnished the music for the Couthoui entertainment.

Rev. Mr. Mather of Battle Creek preached two able sermons last Sunday. In the evening not only a novel theme, uniquely handled, but instructive and impressive. The theme "Fig leaf aprons contrasted with heavenly garments."

Rev. Bro. Grannis came near becoming a Baptist. His head saved him. At his favorite recreation skating he broke through a thin strata of ice, going in up to his neck. A couple of students being near by, saved our Congregational brethren from losing their pastor.

Unclaimed letters Jan. 15th.—T. Alexander, N. Cory, Linnie Hammond, L. Houghton, Mrs. N. E. Hopkins, Louis Johnson, Daniel Lackner, Johnie E. Root, Ed Rolison, Will Stewart, W. E. Tracy, John Van Duzen, Mrs. Mary Wilson.

The Detroit Post speaking of Mme Marie Tilden who is to sing in Tuesday evening's concert at the Opera House, says: "The power and richness of her contralto voice was a revelation to many in the audience, and a tremendous burst of applause rewarded the singer at the close."

At the second trial Orcutt *vs* Smith of the Leader for libel at Milan, the editor came out ahead as Capt. Allen, who was Smith's attorney says: "as they always do." The six Jurors in this case signed a paper to the effect, that, Mr. Orcutt had proved himself a straightforward, honest man in all his business transactions.

Since the law makes it imperative upon the Justice of peace to bury the remains in such cases as that of the infant reported last week it would seem as if the supervisors were unjust in their refusal to pay the bill rendered by Justice Frank Joslyn on this very account. Would they have him throw it back on the ash heap?

The supervisors have adjourned. They propose to the voters a jail costing $12,000 on the present site. The money is to be raised by a loan secured by bonds payable two years from Feb. 1, 1885, at a rate of interest not greater than 7 per cent. This amount is to be assessed on the taxable property of the county, $6,000 next year and $6,000 the following year.

In the suit of J. M. Orcutt, general agent of the Boheman Oat Co., vs Editor Smith of the Milan Leader the Jury disagreed. Hon. A. J. Sawyer and Capt Allen fought for Smith, and C. R. Whitman stood the blunt of the battle for Orcutt. The Jury was equally divided 3 and 3. No lawsuit ever stired up Milan and vicinity equal to this one.

The Arcade will present a number of attractions next Monday evening January 19th, under the auspices of the Girard & Vokes combination. Champion bycicle riders and masters of the rollers both ladies and gentlemen from Europe and America are to appear. For particulars see the announcements issued from this office.

The Ypsilanti COMMERCIAL appears to be an out and out Democrat sheet since election, as it really was previous. Perhaps Bro. Pattison wants a post office.—*Saline Observer.*

There is not a doubt Mr. Observer when the COMMERCIAL becomes a democratic paper the editor will get the post office—when we *do.* But as it looks now we shall patiently await the election of St. John.

PRINCIPAL WILLITS AT THE OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEDNESDAY EVENING.

We think our citizens will show their appreciation of Principal Willits and his generosity in giving a lecture for the benefit of the Ladies' Library Association, and especially will there be a desire to hear a lecture upon a theme in regard to which he can give so much valuable instruction and surround with such an interest. Six years in Congress is a great eye opener to most men, especially men like Mr. Willits, who keep their eyes wide open.

THE DEATH OF MARTHA BELL.

This is another of those murders which thrill with pity and indignation. Dr. Ashley's testimony proved an evident abortion. Wm. Bell's to the same effect. Myron G. Bumpus gave her several doses aconite. It would seem that the girl kept company with no outside parties. Who was the father of her unborn child? Unquestionably some one of the inmates of the Bumpus house. After the first examination the testimony of Mrs, Bumpus and Archie McCoy was stolen. Monday the examination was renewed. There was great excitement in Bellville, people coming for miles around to attend. The principal event was implicating Archie McCoy, who confessed to Myron Bumpus that he had had improper relations with Martha. Archie's whereabouts at present unknown, also, Dr. Bell about Sept. 1st, discovered McCoy and Martha in improper relations. From Mrs. Bumpus testimony, it would seem that Aconite was a common remedy in the family for all complaints. The afterbirth being discovered, Martha confessed that Archie McCoy was the father. In her dire extremity she said to Archie: "You are the cause of all this suffering; have I got to stand it alone? You've got to take care of me."

The abortion was unquestionably effected by instruments. The sensational testimony Tuesday was that of Chas. Hubbell, Plymouth, who testified to discovering Myron Bumpus and Martha in questionable relations, and a threat to shoot Hubbell if he reported it. Dr. Forbes, Bellville, who assisted at the autopsy did not discover sufficient cause connected with the abortion to cause death. Dr. S. P. Dufield, Detroit, who analyzed the stomach found enough aconite to kill six ordinary people. A verdict was reached as follows:

"We, the jurors, do agree on the verdict that Martha Bell came to her death by an overdose of aconite administered by the hands of Myron Bumpus." Signed: Obed Coy, William H. Dunham, Perry G. Osler, Albert Kane, James Coomer and Emmet E. Ryan.

When asked if he would issue a warrant for Myron Bumpus' arrest Justice Pearl said: "There will be no arrest made. He could not be held under that evidence, and there is no use making any more expense."

The finding of the Jury is evidently far different from what Myron and his friends expected. Though it seems to accord with general conviction.

After making a reputation in Europe, Mr. Carl Zoberbier, the eminent young pianist, comes to Amererica to gain triumphs on this side of the Atlantic. He has appeared before the most critical audiences in Europe and his many testamonials prove that he has received their united praise and favors.—*N. Y Times.*

Mr. Zoberbier is to play at the grand concert to be given in Ypsilanti on Tuesday evening next, Jan. 20.

All druggists sell De Land's perfumeries.

De Land's fragrant perfumes are the best.

Is it not time for business men to conclude that the country is not absolutely going to the dogs?—*Northwestern Lumberman.*

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are rapidly taking the lead of all other remedies as a mild cathartic and active tonic. jan

Local on 5th, County News Page.

Under the auspices of the Normal Conservatory of Music.

OPERA HOUSE,

YPSILANTI,

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Tuesday Eve., Jan. 20, '85

Grand Popular Concert, Vocal and Instrumental, given by

MR. BENJAMIN FAEDER,

The celebrated solo-violinist, assisted by

Mme. MARIE TILDEN,

The favorite mezo-soprano and

Herr CARL ZOBERBIER

The talented Pianist. Under the management of S. C. CONSATI.

The Musical Event of the Season!

ADMISSION,—50, 35 and 25 cents. No extra charge for reserved seats, now on sale at Dodge's Jewelry Store.

Gun & Sewing Machine SHOP.

R. C. HAYTON, so well known to our citizens as a reliable and skillful Gunsmith, Sewing Machine Repairer, Plumber and Gas Fitter, has established himself at the Depot, south side Cross street, opposite the Follett House. He has the "New American," "Domestic," "Singer," "Weed," "New Davis," and the "Victor" Sewing Machines for sale, also all kinds of Second-hand Machines. Brass Goods of all kinds for sale. He respectfully solicits the patronage of old friends and desires to make new ones.

R. C. HAYTON,

AT THE DEPOT,

Cross St., Ypsilanti.
1087

Best place to secure a thorough Business Education, prepare to teach Plain and Artistic Penmanship, or become proficient in Shorthand.

Business College, School of Penmanship and Shorthand Institute.

Cleary's

Ypsilanti, Mich.

Students may enter at any time. Individual and class instruction. Large corps of teachers. Board and room, $2.25 per week. Shorthand and Typewriting, with the privilege of instruction in penmanship, grammar and letter writing, $30. Call or write for circulars. Union Block, Congress st.
1083 P. R. CLEARY, Principal.

POCKET CUTLERY, Razors and Scissors, Shopping Bags, Pocket Books and Purses cheap at SAMSONS.

PAINTS and OILS, Diamond Dyes, Glass, Wall and Window Paper, Cloth Shades. A large stock always, at SAMSON'S.

WEDDING PRESENTS, among the Great Variety of Fancy Goods at SAMSON'S.

SCHOOL BOOKS, both Old and New. Also a Full Stock of Stationery Articles at SAMSON'S. Students supplied at ten per cent from cost.

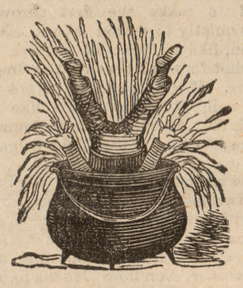
PRESCRIPTIONS prepared with Great Care at SAMSON'S, from the Best of Materials.

WALL and WINDOW PAPER, Cloth Shades, Fixtures of various kinds.

CHOICE PERFUMERY and Cosmetics, Fine Soaps and Face Powders cheap at SAMSON'S.

New Deal

For 1885.



16 lbs. Granulated Sugar,
2 lbs. Best Japan Tea or
5 lbs. Java Coffee, $2.10

17 lbs. Confectionary A Sugar,
2 lbs. Choice Japan Tea or
4 lbs. Mocha Coffee, $2.00

19 lbs. White C Sugar,
2 lbs. Best Japan Tea or
5 lbs. Java Coffee, $2.10

22 lbs. Yellow C Sugar,
2 lbs. Choice Japan Tea or
4 lbs. Mocha Coffee, $2.00

CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS AND CAPS, GLOVES AND MITTENS, BOOTS AND SHOES, AT

Greatly Reduced Prices!

Everything in my line of goods will be sold *Cheap* for *Cash.*

George A. Neat,

DOUBLE

Variety Store!

AT THE DEPOT.
1082

Comstock & Ebling.

DRY GOODS.

NOTIONS.

CARPETS.

ANNUAL

CLEARING OUT SALE

I have a small stock of Ladies' and Childrens' Cloaks all good styles, which I offer at

COST!

to close them out. A good opportunity to buy a

CLOAK

Cheap. For the next 30 days I shall offer splendid bargains in

Dress Goods, Underwear, Etc., Etc.

Remnants of Dress Goods at Special Prices. Flannel Sheeting, 2½ yds. wide, Scarlet or White, at $1.25 per yard. Come early and secure the best Bargains.

W. H. SWEET.

FORECLOSURE SALE!

Stock of Groceries.

The stock of **C. M. BOSS,** having been seized on Mortgage, sale will be effected as quickly as possible, at

Private Sale a Few Days Only,

Under supervision of FRANK RATHFON, Commencing Dec. 12, 1884.

J Willard Babbitt, Attorney for Mortgagees. 1082 Secor, Berdan & Co, Mortgagees.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A

Large and Elegant Stock

Of Foreign and Domestic Woolens,

FOR THE

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